

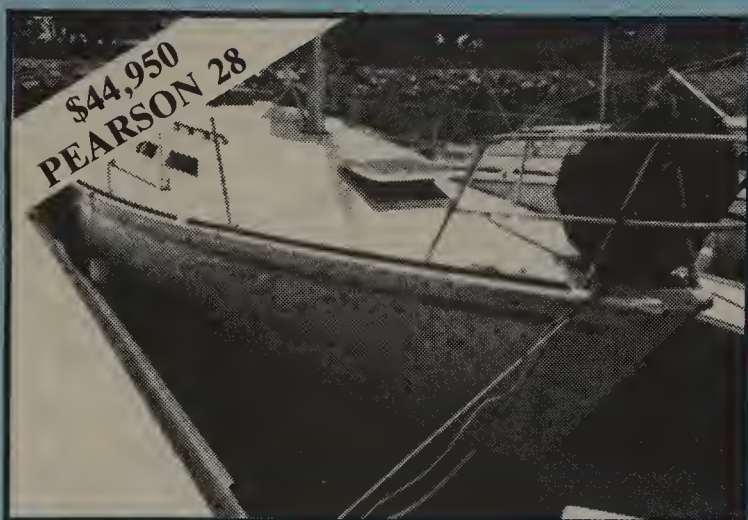
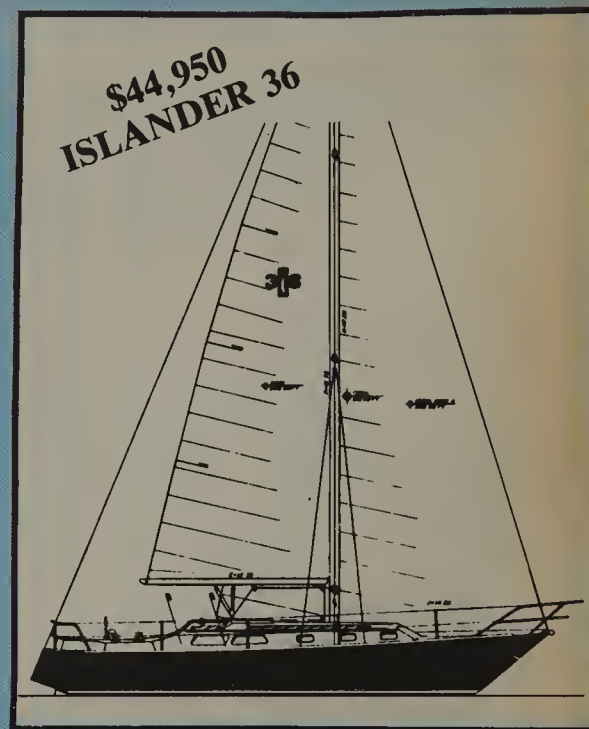
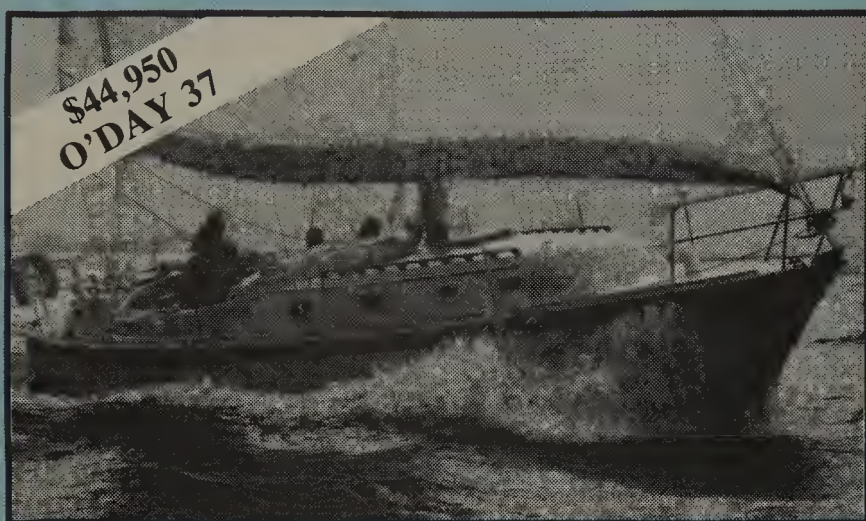
Latitude 34

VOLUME 06, OCTOBER 1987

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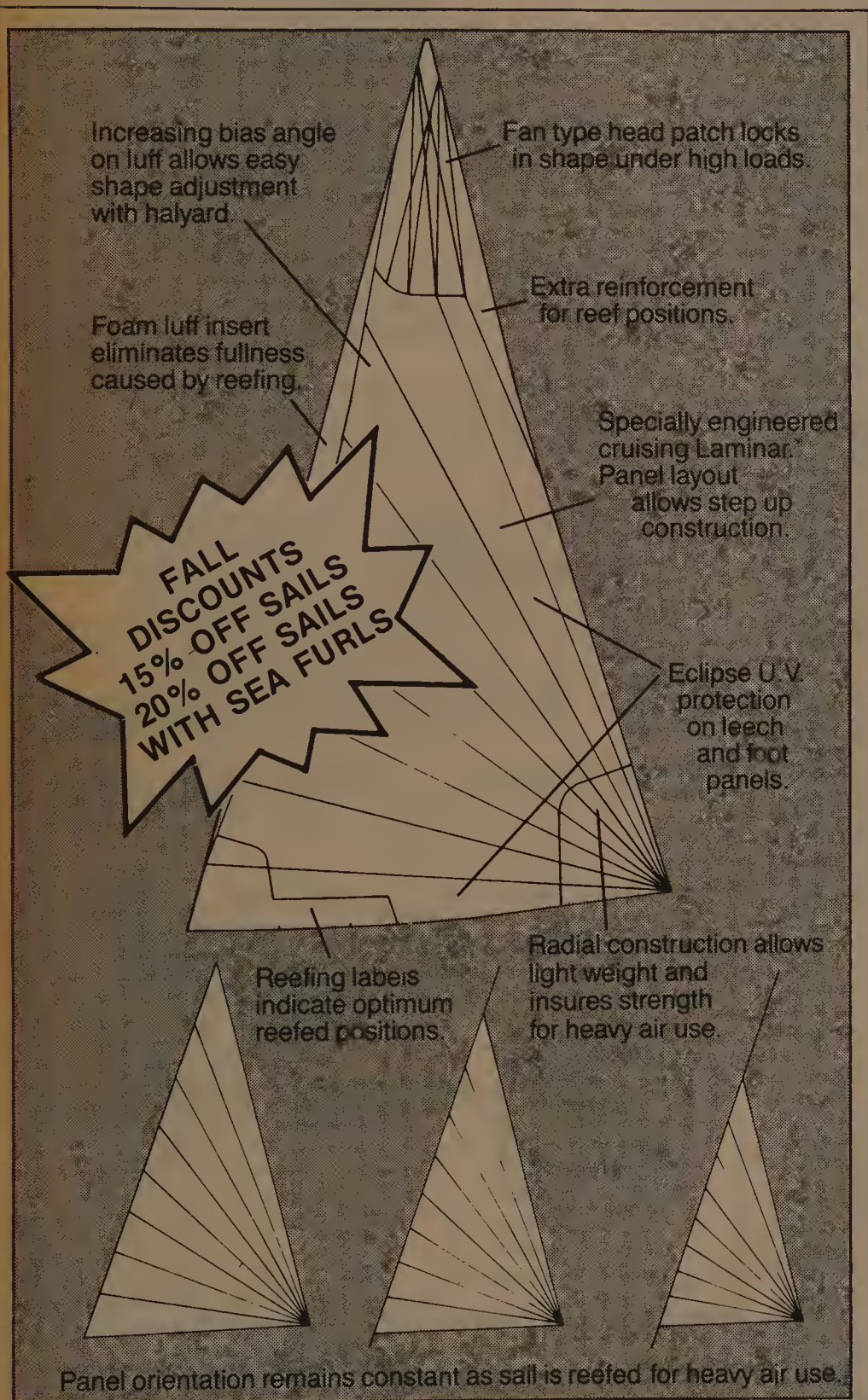
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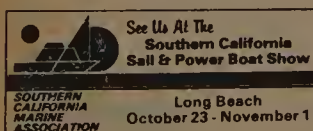
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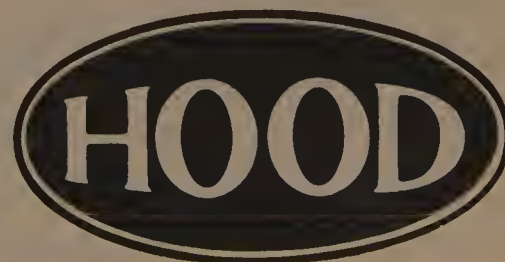
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Latitude 34

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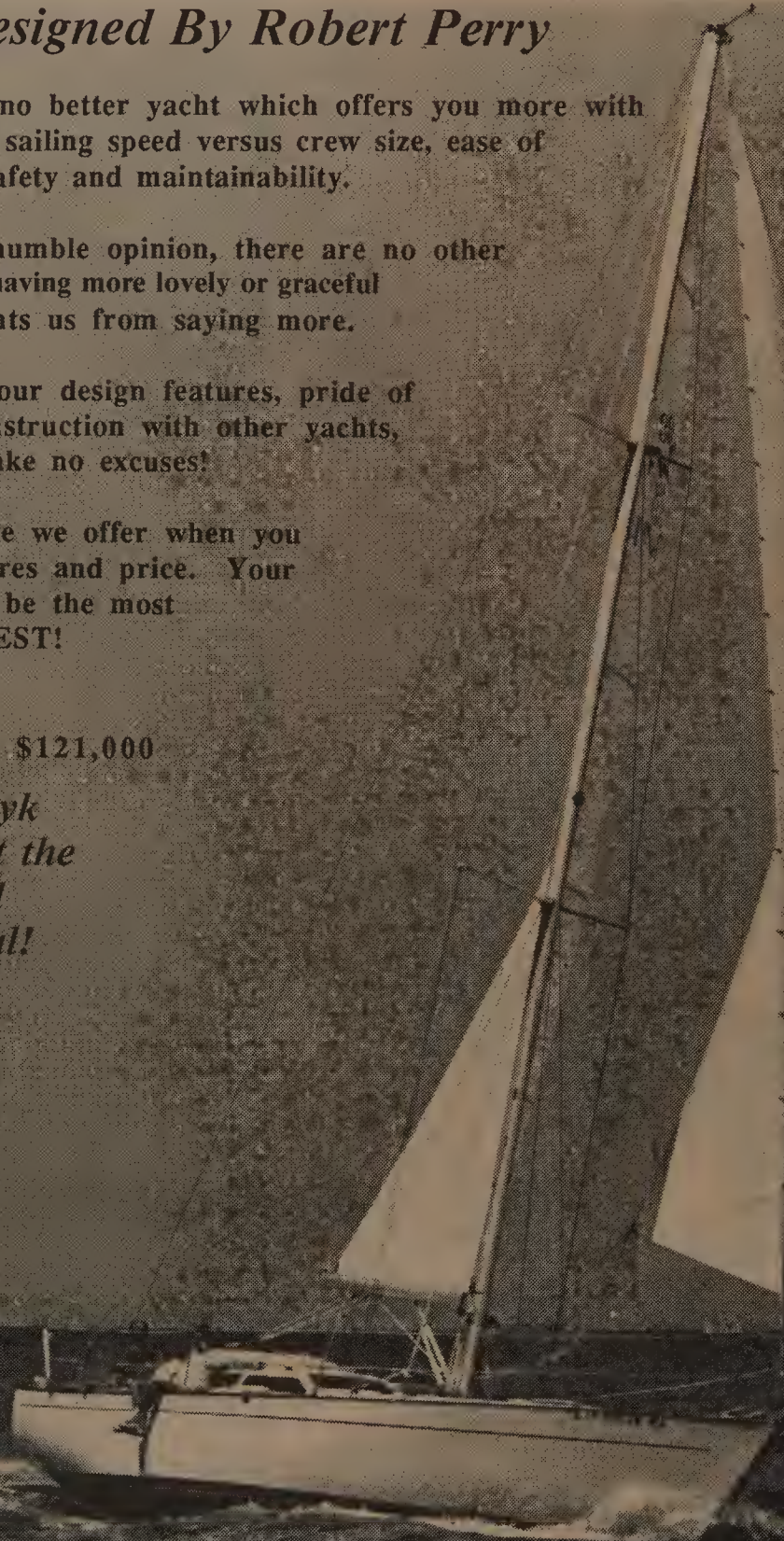
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LETTERS

□MAYDAY!

Help urgently needed — San Diego's Port District has just implemented its new baywide plan that effectively eliminates anchoring for more than 72 hours in San Diego Bay. Efforts to challenge this plan, which totally disregards cruisers' needs for a safe anchorage on trips north or south, is not receiving the support needed to halt this last encroachment on one of our few remaining constitutional rights: A safe anchorage in federal waters.

San Diego's boating public is far too regimented to marina life to rally behind this crusade which is so dear to those sailors whose souls are not tied to a dock. Suffice it to say that unless immediate help — both legal and monetary are forthcoming from the West Coast cruising community, the only safe, free anchorage between Mexico and San Francisco Bay will no longer be available.

Any information or clippings regarding legal precedent, case law learned from San Francisco Bay's boaters' fight with BCDC or even donations of only a dollar or more will be the only hope of stalling this last affront to an other disappearing freedom. Don't think that your contributions aren't needed and won't matter! There is just one small effort being waged here against the forces of a runaway beauracracy and presently, the only support we have are the limited donations of precious few caring boaters here in San Diego Bay for the efforts of one lawyer.

We — you — are losing! As of August 1st the safe anchorages became illegal — the non-available moorings already have waiting lists numbering in the hundreds — and when you pass through, you'll not have the safe haven that mariners have always counted on in San Diego Bay.

Help of any kind is desperately needed — now! Even if your only concern is that your children and grandchildren should have the right to pursue the dream, find some way to help. We're about out of time, money and information. Don't let yourself down. It's your country — your water — your rights! It's your last chance to help carry the fight into federal court to preserve your Constitutional right.

To help or obtain more information, address your input to: Society to Preserve Anchoring Rights, P.O. Box 12-8455, San Diego, CA or Water Use Rights Group, P.O. Box 18-1285, Coronado, CA.

F. Bradley
A Kindred Spirit

□A HAPPY DISTRIBUTOR

I was so happy to receive our first issues of *Latitude 34*! For quite some time I tried to get copies of *Latitude 38* sent to us, but was informed that you had too many requests that you couldn't fill them all. Now with *Latitude 34* in publication, not only are we receiving your magazine, but since the first batch went so fast we've requested additional copies for our next delivery.

Latitude 34 has been very well received by our customers. Congratulations.

Cheryl Ferreira
Mike's New & Used Marine Hardware
San Pedro

Cheryl — Thanks for the kind words. Our goal is to try to make each issue just a little bit better and justify the faith you and other readers seem to have in us.

□ATTITUDE IS IMPORTANT

I have to answer Mr. Burke of San Diego who resents the intrusion of *Latitude 34* to Southern California. I cannot understand his attitude and hopefully he's one of a very few. I am a subscriber since the very first issue (well, actually I got the first few issues free) and have

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LETTERS

enjoyed both the Northern and Southern California editions. You are still the best sailing rag around.

Your so-called "bad-mouthing", I always felt, was done tongue-in-cheek. And I personally have seen your boat up and down the coast at various marinas. If Mr. Burke doesn't like the content of *Latitude 34*, tell him to send in some articles and fatten up the magazine for us.

I like you fine.

And then I come to the next letter from Al Nixon who had his sailboat chained at the Intercontinental Marina. Serves him right. We've sailed in there and have seen signs that warn you not to leave your boat there. Granted they aren't very big, but after all, it is a private marina. They don't have to supply guest slips.

We stopped there this year and tied up at an end tie. One of us stayed on the boat and the other went up to the dockmaster's office and checked in. Mr. Kent Williams is one of the most cordial and friendly persons I have ever met. He went out of his way to find us a guest berth. No pomposity, arrogance or nastiness. Guess it depends on your attitude.

Anyhow, keep up the good work.

Nony Sprang
San Diego

□ COULD IT BE?

George Hostetter of San Diego wrote a letter to you in the September issue.

He might be the person who first took me sailing on Lake Huron in Michigan, indirectly causing me to cruise the South Pacific and Caribbean for a number of years.

I don't have his address, so I'd appreciate it if you would put it on the stamped envelope of the letter I've enclosed for him and send it along.

Dale Feet
Oxnard

Dale — Sorry, but there's no way we can keep all the addresses of folks who write to us; IBM hasn't made a big enough computer for that.

But if you're out there, George, give us a call with your address so we can forward the letter to you.

□ DID WE FINALLY DO IT?

You finally did it! After 12 years of sailing the coastal waters of California and Mexico, reading *Latitude* during most of them, the letter *Chained and Padlocked at the Intercontinental Marina* finally got me to write.

I must correct you. The Intercontinental Hotel Marina will allow guest docking if you call them on Channel 16 or telephone in advance. A slip will be assigned (free for up to three hours) for utilizing one of the hotel's several fine restaurants. As for Seaport Village, it is not part of the Intercontinental and to dock at the Intercontinental to visit Seaport Village is the same as docking at Pelican Harbor in Sausalito to eat at Zacks and drink at the No Name Bar (if still in existence). Al and J.P. would have welcomed their treatment at the Intercontinental had they incurred the wrath of Ned Martin at Pelican Harbor for a similar stunt.

As you have cruised this coast, so have we. Two years at Pelican Harbor in Sausalito, three years at Dana West Marina in Dana Point, two at our home in Bel Marin Keys, two years moored in Morro Bay and the remaining three years in transit along the California and Mexican coasts. *Never* have we docked or moored at an unfamiliar



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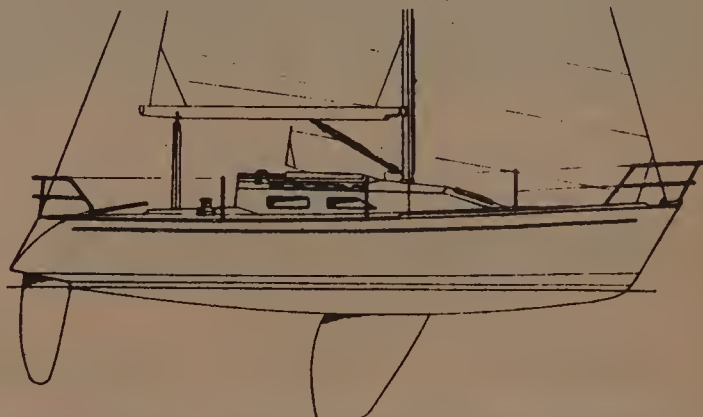
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LETTERS

(or familiar) place without leaving one of us onboard, to move the boat if necessary, while the other clears our being there with the marina, harbor or yacht club office.

It was inexcusable for Al and J.P. to:

- 1) Dock without permission.
- 2) Wait for someone with a key to let them (and crew) out of a locked gate.
- 3) Walk past the marina office going and coming without stopping.
- 4) Wait for someone to let them back in a locked gate.
- 5) Complain about being fined and,
- 6) Attempt to slander the "arrogant, pompous and nasty" harbor-master for doing his job by writing such a pious letter.

I am only thankful that boaters like Al and J.P. are in the minority as shown by our boating experiences.

Ron Kosage
Joan Martin
Vessel Asylum
San Francisco

Ron & Joan — We agree with you 100 percent about always leaving someone on the boat until permission has been obtained to leave the boat where it is. We wouldn't think of doing it any other way.

We also think there are such things as honest mistakes and that the 'punishment should fit the crime'. It reminds us of the time we were down in the Caribbean and due to a combination of terrible errors on our part, dragged anchor and smashed the hell out of the bow of a North/South Charter's C&C 40. Naturally, the manager wasn't too pleased. But since we immediately assumed responsibility and paid off the damages, what the hell, he figured we might as well be friends and told us to be sure and stop back and have a drink. To us that demonstrates understanding and compassion — and the recognition that from time to time all of us make some blunders.

□ RECALLING THE 'MAYDAY'

When I read Scott Taggerty's *Shipwrecked* article in the August issue, it sent me running for my yacht's log. Sure enough, I think I heard his MAYDAY. There is the following entry from 0200, May 6: "Heard a MAYDAY call but heard no response."

To tell the truth, I don't recall whether or not I actually responded. We were probably sailing the boat with one at the helm and two in the bunks at that time. I think I asked for a repeat, but I don't think I heard one or anything else. There had been a lot of boat to boat communication the first couple of days going up the coast, but as with our boat, most crews — save the helmsman — would have been asleep at 0200. Sorry, Scott.

Of course, even if I had been able to make contact, they were already in the surf. So while I might have been able to be the communications relay, I wouldn't have been able to get them off.

We'd left Cabo on May 4 at noon, planning to sail and motorsail to Mag Bay or Santa Maria Bay. The first few hours it was quite rough; and, our speedo and log weren't functioning. The second day out there was more west in the wind and we were able to make long tacks up the beach followed by shorts tacks out to sea. As nightfall approached Punta Tosca was still far away; I decided we needed to take a long tack out to sea to avoid shallow water.

It was about the time I heard the MAYDAY that we once again tacked back to shore. We came abeam of the Tosca light at 0600. Looking back over the charts and our track, it was obvious that we had been much closer to shore than we'd ever thought. I presume it was much the same with Taggerty and that's what caused him to go up on the beach. There may have also been a strong inshore set; I found it hard to believe that after sailing west for so long we were still

LETTERS

in just 10 fathoms of water. (Fortunately, our depthsounder always worked).

Your article surely confirms that *Sunseeker* took the proper action when, without a proper position for 33 hours, we terminated short-tacking up the beach and opted for a long leg out to sea.

It was during the leg up to Mag Bay that we discovered a leak in the cooling system. So we stayed at Mag Bay for two days to find and repair the leak while a crewman went to San Carlos in a rented panga for fuel.

Our next leg was 62 hours to Turtle Bay. It included lots of sailing and some motoring — especially to give Abreojos a wide berth. We found that the lights on Abreojos are very difficult to reconcile with what the charts show, so we kept going. With radio assistance from the yachts in Turtle Bay, we were able to enter at night and make it safely to the anchorage.

The rest of the trip home was fairly easy. I did the last 175 miles as a singlehander.

Thanks go to Taggerty for sharing his story with us, and thanks to *Latitude* for getting it to us.

Herb Harris
Sunseeker, Catalina 30
Santa Barbara

☐ THE REAL BEAUTY OF CRUISING

I feel qualified to comment on Andy Kerr's critique of the Pardey's, as I just finished reading *The Siren Song of the Pardeys* while anchored off Club Maeva in Papeete, having sailed 5,400 nautical miles to get here.

We own a 26-year-old, modified H-28 ketch. Engine power is supplied by an 11-year-old Seagull Silver Century outboard, which is just about the same as no engine at all. Our electronics consist of an RDF, VHF, a Zenith receiver and a couple of calculators. Except for the calculators, I can fix all of it. In fact the Zenith was inoperable when I got it. The back-up for the calculators is a slide rule, trig tables and once I pass 12, my fingers and toes. Electricity for the electronics comes from two solar panels charging a pair of 8D batteries. Self-steering is occasionally provided by a Autohelm 1000, but usually we steer ourselves.

First, the good points. We are on a cruise of indefinite duration. I'm 33 and JoAnn, my fiancé, is 25. What we have, we've worked for. No sugar daddies for either of us. But we're still here and you're still there. 'Nuff said?

Second, the maintenance on the boat is minimal. Varnish, marlinspike work, etc. The Seagull is 11 years old, has eight moving parts (including the prop), and is relatively bullet-proof. If all else fails we have a sweep.

Our passage time from Puerto Vallarta to Hiva Oa was 27 days. One light air day off Mexico we were keeping up with the powering larger boats by flying a spinnaker (going north to Punta Ipala, if you can believe it!). Most cruising is downwind where waterline is irrelevant. And since we have a ketch, we can put up a lot of sail when going downwind.

In other words, the Pardey's are correct, it's do-able in a safe, fast method on a small wood boat.

Now the bad points. It can be very uncomfortable. We were hit by a tropical depression with up to 40 knot winds just about the time we were to make landfall in the Tuamotus. Going into an atoll in those conditions was unthinkable, so we beat west to bypass them, adding 100 hard miles to our passage. If we'd had a SatNav, we could have gone through the Tuamotus and saved two nights of agony.

We spend a lot of time hove to, waiting for daylight to enter harbors or coves. With a depthsounder and a SatNav, we probably

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LETTERS

could have entered, or with a powerful engine could have motored a bit to make landfalls a few hours earlier.

Because it would be almost impossible for us to re-set our anchor in a storm, we carry a stupendous amount of ground tackle. A 35-lb plough, 200-ft of 3/8-inch chain, #55 Fisherman, #25 and #15 Danforths and about 1000 feet of varying lengths of up to 3/4-inch nylon. We almost went on the beach at Punta Chamela once. The tackle was holding, but it was looking a bit dicey. With great anxiety, we sailed the anchor out and tucked into the lee of a couple of islands. I'm also getting an arm to rival Nolan Ryan's, this from tossing the lead line.

In summary, if you want to go now and not be bothered with always fixing (or having to get fixed) mechanical contrivances, follow the Pardey's advice. If you want to go later and be more comfortable, follow Mr. Kerr's advice. *You can do it anyway you want!* That's the real beauty of cruising. And no matter how you do it, if you like it, it's the right way.

As for ourselves, we've become better than fair sailors by necessity. We haven't had any major gear failures — knock on wood — and we've had a *WONDERFUL* time. But sometimes we could almost kill for a cube of ice. Or to not have to fight to prime the stove with waves thundering onto the overhead. Or to have a motor when becalmed just two miles from the cove we want to anchor at.

Someday we'll get a larger boat with more equipment, but right now we're too busy cruising.

Michael Homsany
JoAnn Clemens
aboard *Steppenwolf* in Papeete

Michael and JoAnn — Thank you for that very illuminating letter. When you're back in the States, give us a call, we'd like to send you a couple of *Roving Reporter* t-shirts.

Personally speaking, we're delighted that there are folks like you out cruising, getting by on skills rather than a fat pocketbook. Of course, you do have two monumental allies not available to all other cruisers: youth and time. No amount of money in the world can buy those valuable commodities.

□ FOR AND AGAINST

In the July issue I read with interest and agreement Dave Symond's letter taking to task Virginia Sudsbury's letter in defense of the Pardeys. However, I only agreed until he got to point number four, where to quote him, "Passagemaking sucks".

Yes Dave, I agree with your analysis that a 'honey bucket' at sea is one thing but a bucket in a crowded harbor is an embarrassment.

I also agree with your thoughts on engines, that they're a mixed blessing. But I am glad to have one aboard (sometimes).

Reading Bowditch by kerosene light is a sure path to the optometrist, but I wouldn't give them up. It's true you can't use them below except on the coolest evenings — when they're indispensable for intimacy — but they're great for providing light when we eat at our cockpit table.

As for bathing at sea, whatever happened to the wonderfully refreshing seawater shower? (We were speaking of warm weather). Some might think that a saltwater and Vel (or other good saltwater soap) shower on the foredeck would leave your skin sticky. Never — toweling down immediately is the secret. Try it, you'll like it. On our return across the Pacific we took saltwater showers every day until we reached 36° N. From then on we heated saltwater using a homemade shower in the cockpit, remembering to hang our towels out each time it rained.

As for breaking gear, we try to not drive our boat to the limit.



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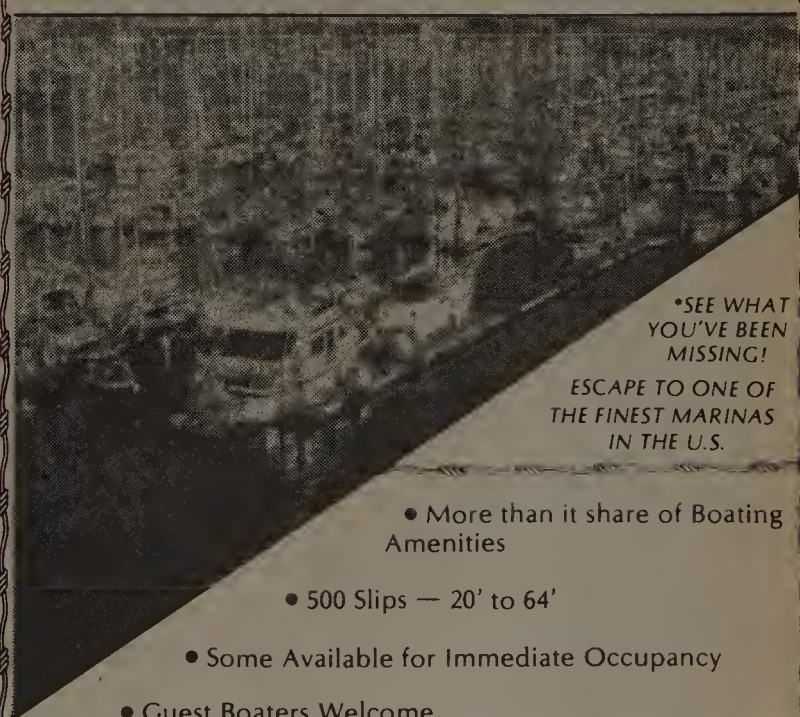
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LETTERS

There's no reason to when you're voyaging. We had a lower break when taking a knockdown off the coast of Spain and a halyard block split in the mid-Atlantic. These have been the only major items broken in over 90,000 miles of ocean voyaging. The answer is simply good gear and preparation.

I have never eaten funny while making passages, even when — especially when — it's rough. Reefing, squalls, etc., etc., — it sounds like your passages have been different than mine. I made most of mine in 32 to 49-ft boats and maybe, just maybe 10 percent were truly uncomfortable.

We have a good friend who once took his 32-ft sloop — with two other nuts — to sail around the Pacific High just for the love of sailing. They had nobody else to talk to, no possible anchorages, no walks to take, none of that. One of those was Peter Sutter the former sailmaker, who has now been cruising the Pacific on his latest boat for several years. Another was Mary Crowley, who runs the Ocean Voyages charter outfit. When you get to Sausalito, ask them 'Why?'

Ocean sailing is not for everyone, but for those who enjoy it, there's no better high.

Jack Thomsen
Yacht Spirit
Currently in Costa Rica

Jack — While doing the Santa Barbara to King Harbor Race, a woman on the weather rail told us she thought your boat had been sunk or dismantled in the Gulf of Tehuantepec. We're going to assume she'd been given — as often happens — bad information.

□ EXCELLENT START TOWARD A LEGEND

No, I don't believe the guy who writes in the September issue of *Latitude* about sending his boat unmanned from Morro Bay to Monterey by using programmed waypoints interfaced with an autopilot.

I don't believe him because his story has the familiar ring of a tall tale told by a "Down Easter"; I sure wish I had the wherewithall to pin this particular one down. And if it isn't legend already you given it an excellent start toward becoming one — a legend which should appeal to anyone who has had to bounce north from Point Conception in a small boat.

Ethelbert Nevin II
San Francisco

□ SOMETHING AS STUPID AS THAT

As far as Chris Webber goes, the only things I can say about letting the Loran and autopilot deliver your boat up the coast unmanned (*Letters*, September) are:

1. I wish I had been in the right place at the right time so I could have boarded her and taken possession. Just think of how that would have helped my old cruising kitty.

2. Doing something as stupid as that only goes to help explain why insurance rates are as high as they are. Even for people with steel boats, which are about as indestructible as they come. And which is what we have.

David Eberhard
California

David — We suggest you check with your lawyer before you board any boats, anywhere, manned or unmanned, and 'take possession' of them. It's not that simple.

As for the letter itself, we've subsequently checked and confirmed that it was a hoax. It's interesting, however, that both you and we were perfectly ready to believe it. We wouldn't be surprised if some-

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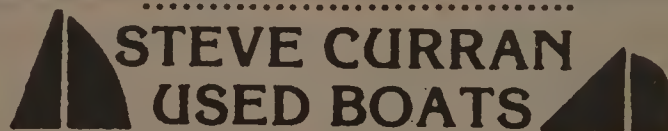
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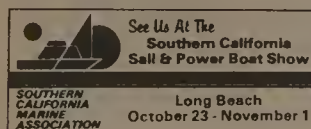
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LETTERS

one tried it. We most highly recommend against it, however, for a variety of reasons.

Let's start and conclude with selfish reasons. The only boat we know that was willingly set on a course and abandoned for later pick-up was one of the Perlowin gang's fishing boats full of pot. Latitude readers may remember from the interview that the captain of the boat thought he'd been spotted by a Coast Guard plane, so he turned the autopilot on, got off the boat, and hoped to recover it later using an airplane and a high speed motorboat. The fishing boat was never seen again; or if it was, nobody's talking.

□ LIKE CRAZY

It's good to have *Latitudes* back at the Waikiki YC. Much debate went into whether or not to carry your magazine in our yacht club. With thanks to our office staff, which is selling the magazine like crazy, we now have you back!

Aloha. After all the Clipper/Kenwood Cups, it's nice to be able to follow the boats around. When the boats do come to Honolulu, we have plenty to talk about, most of it what I've read in *Latitude*.

Your magazine is the best. Believe me, I read all the trade publications and yours is the best!

Danny Petherbridge
Maintenance, Waikiki Yacht Club
Honolulu

Danny — Thanks for the kind words.

The deal is that we simply can't afford to give away the magazine and ship them to Hawaii. The shipping alone costs approximately a dollar a magazine, so that far away from our advertising base the consumer has to absorb the shipping tab. We're delighted that the Waikiki YC has decided to join the ranks of those in Hawaii who are distributing *Latitude*.

□ INCREDIBLE, UNBELIEVABLE, FANTASTIC FERRO-CEMENT

It's apparent that the author of the "Fragile Ferro" letter in the August issue was shooting from the hip, basing his letter on a very limited knowledge of a superior boatbuilding technique.

He stated that his experience with ferro-cement was based on two ferro-cement vessels he was the captain of, one of which sank after the mooring pendant broke. That was not a ferro-cement problem, it was a captain problem. I know, because I am a United States Coast Guard licensed Master, all oceans, and have been securing vessels all my life.

As for ferro-cement being brittle: yes, they can be, those that have been constructed by 'instant marine architects' who thought their quick and easy methods were better than the scientifically-proven methods of more than a century. But it's not because of ferro-cement, but because:

1. The builder not putting in the proper number of wire and rebar layers, or tying them together properly during the construction of the armature. Too many ferro boatbuilders believe that their indiscretions will be covered with cement and that no one will ever know. A wood surface not properly prepared for painting will initially look good, but time will reveal every indiscretion. Ferro cement is no different.

2. A second reason some ferro boats can be brittle is that some builders don't finish the job. Just as with steel and wood boats, ferro hulls must be sealed to protect them from water which can damage the steel armature through rust and electrolysis.

I built a 56-ft ferro cement schooner, *Nooner* in 1976, and sealed the hull the same way many ferro boatbuilders have done before and since: by permeating the hull with epoxy. Not just by putting several

LETTERS

coats of epoxy paint on the hull, but by diluting the epoxy so it will soak into the ferro cement. In so doing, if the hull is ever scratched, the water will still not enter the hull. I have seen many 'quick and easy' methods of sealing a hull, but there's not a quality boatbuilder that will ever tell you it's a quick and easy job.



Not Nooner's schooner.

I would also like to comment on the implication that ferro boats are always total losses after a collision. Three incidents come to mind:

1. When my 32-ton schooner was launched, an inexperienced crane operator dropped it from a height of five feet. There was no damage at all, not even a hair-line crack. Incredible!

2. In 1982, Hurricane Iwa struck the Hawaiian Islands with winds in excess of 93 miles an hour. My boat was moored to a concrete dock, and at the height of the hurricane the wind was abeam, driving my boat with unrelenting force against the 90° angle of the concrete dock. The Coast Guard had received a report that Nooner was breaking up and sinking; in reality there was some damage, but she didn't take one drop of water. Unbelievable!

3. On July 4, 1986, my 56-ft schooner, while moored, was rammed in the stern by a 70-ft steel yacht making seven knots. The force of the impact was so severe that the pilings on both sides of my boat were broken off and my mooring dock was broken in half. There was damage to my boat above the deck, but no damage to the hull. Miraculous!

Finally, many marine engineers and surveyor's have gone on record praising ferro cement. One example: Windboats Ltd had a collision with one of their boats. In this case a 34-ft ferro-cement cruiser, *Classic*, was struck amidships by the bow of the yacht *Flight 3* travelling at ten miles an hour. It took 21 man hours to repair the damage, but the consulting engineer and marine surveyor, Mr. H.B. Roberts, who was called in on behalf of the insurance company, has gone on record as saying, "In my opinion, had *Classic* been constructed of timber in the normal manner, *Flight 3* would have penetrated to such an extent she would have sunk".

In conclusion, I would like to say that ferro-cement can be an excellent hull material, just as good and sometimes better than wood, steel or fiberglass. But whichever material you choose for your hull, be sure to do the very best work you are capable of doing. There will be plenty of instant marine architects with quick and easy methods to lure you down the wrong path. But just remember that the mighty ocean, with her towering waves and howling wind, will do her damndest to find out those who used quick and easy methods. And usually she will, at the most inopportune time.

Fran Nooner
Honolulu

Frank — We couldn't agree with your conclusion more. While we've seen more than a few atrociously finished and half-finished ferro boats, we're also personally familiar with a dozen or so that have been or cruised hard for years without any hint of a problem.

As for fiberglass, wood and steel, those materials only result in



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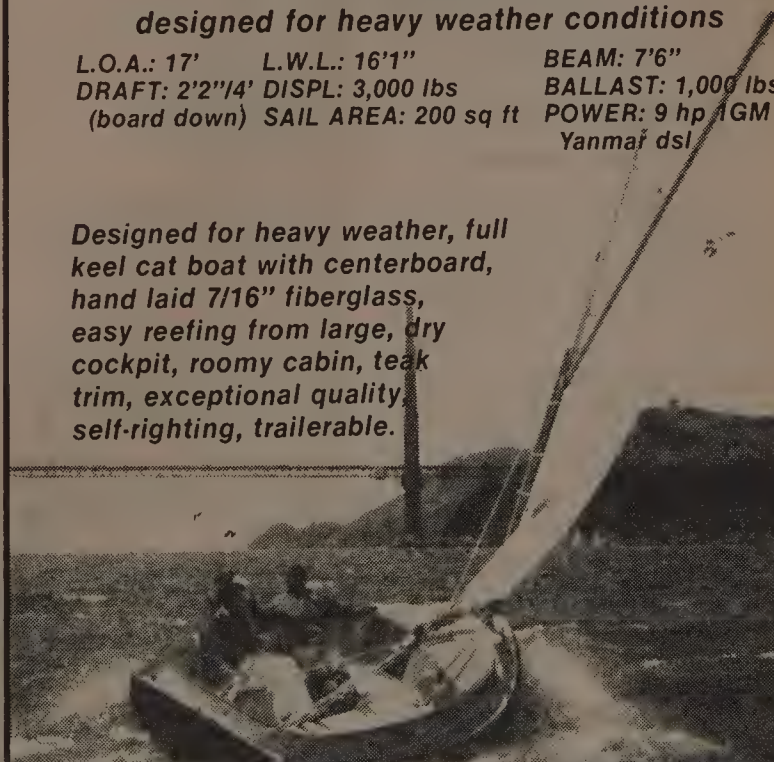
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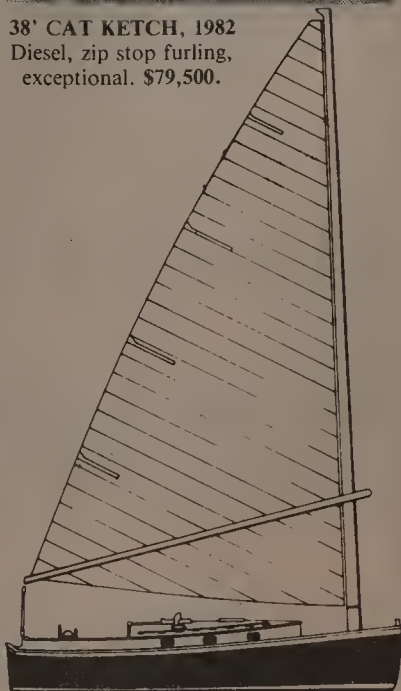
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LETTERS

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"It's not the boats, it's the men in them," the British used to say.

"It's the builder, not the material used," we might well say.

DEVoured

Thanks for the space in the magazine.

Latitude is still fought over in the office, and it is the only magazine that is devoured from cover to cover. Please keep it up.

Robert H. Perry
Seattle

Robert — Thanks for the kind words. And, we will keep it up.

JIVE OR HYPE

As a long-time subscriber to *Latitude*, I've read enough of your stuff to know you may look at the article I'm sending with the same sense of disbelief that I experienced. I never felt *Cruising World* had much credibility, and this jive only confirms that suspicion.

When Miss Aebi set out to conquer the world, I thought, "Good luck, it ain't gonna be easy though!" Maybe she found that out, too, and is now carrying on in the finest tradition of Rosie Ruiz and Donald Crowhurst rather than admit failure.

In reading the article, notice how it's really more like a travelogue than anything else. There's very little about the day to day stuff a long-distance sailor must deal with such as navigation, self-steering, sail configurations, the rig, etc.

The Dad intrigues me, too. After losing his wife to cancer the year before it's unbelievable to me he'd go out and buy his young daughter a boat and send her off on a solo circumnavigation. Check the picture of the guy; reminds me of a pre-burnout version of Hugh Hefner.

This whole thing has pissed me off enough that I started to write *Cruising World*, but then figured they'd probably just ignore the letter. You guys might have a little more fun with it.

To further add insult to injury, Tania Aebi will probably sell her whole story to the movies for a ridiculous amount. They'll love it, too, because to bring it up to Hollywood standards they won't have to change a thing!

Alan Thoma
Makawao, HI

Alan — For the readers who might not understand what you're talking about, here's a quote by the editor's of *Cruising World* that accompanied Tania Aebi's latest installment:

"Tania Aebi, 20, is attempting to become the youngest person to sail around the world singlehanded. Starting from her home port of New York in May 1985, Tania has sailed to Bermuda, through the islands of the Caribbean and the Panama Canal to the Galapagos

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Islands. From there she headed across the Pacific to French Polynesia, through the islands of the South Pacific to Australia, up the Great Barrier Reef, through the Torres Strait and Indonesia to Sri Lanka, which is one of the settings of this article, the eighth in her exclusive series for *Cruising World*."

Alan, let us first say that we're certain Tania will sell her story to Hollywood and will make a pile of money from it and other bits of celebrity-hood. So what? There's little Hollywood can do to further distort the image the general public has of sailors and sailing anyhow, and lord knows there are hundreds of others who have done less and will have profited more handsomely from 'their story'. Apparently Rosie Ruiz deliberately broke both the spirit and the rules of the New York Marathon. Tania may sometimes be sailing in company with Olivier, who apparently is her boyfriend or something, and may be getting SatNav positions from fellow sailors and money from other sources; but we don't think that's breaking the 'rules'. For one thing there aren't really any rules to what she's doing. But more importantly, she's getting nothing more than incidental bits of information and mental comfort. Unlike Rosie, Tania is completing the course, so we don't think the comparison applies.

As for slamming Donald Crowhurst, we can't go for that at all. Sure the guy lied about his positions to temporarily put himself into first place in that singlehanded around the world race. But since he apparently committed suicide by jumping overboard, we think his obviously tortured mind was more deserving of our love and sympathy than criticism. We don't see any similarity between his plight and Tania's situation. Tania's Dad's motivations in sending a daughter on a high risk voyage shortly after losing his wife to cancer? Well, we'd tread very carefully over that ground. We don't know if you remember Amy Boyer, who at age 19 or 20 sailed the singlehanded Atlantic Race in a Wilderness 21 and then took the boat in the Singlehanded TransPac; she'd lost her father a number of years before. Having talked at length with Amy, we suspect that there was a strong connection between her father's death and Amy taking up risky endeavors at a young age. Although the situation's somewhat reversed for Tania and her father, there might be an accepting the death of a loved one wrapped up in all this.

As for *Cruising World*'s role in the whole thing, we don't think it's so inappropriate. The magazine is owned by the New York Times, this is corporate America, and it's also 1987. It seems to us we're dealing more with a little hype rather than a lot of jive. Afterall, what Tania's doing is akin to being the youngest woman to walk from the east coast of the United States to the west coast. On the one hand it's hard and she'll be the first to do it. On the other hand, thousands of other women could do it, and many of them faster.

So does the whole thing bother us? Hell no. We think what Tania's done is terrific and hope that her last couple of legs go smoothly. But by the same token, it's not so terrific that we'd consider flying back to New York to cover her arrival. Heck, that kind of time and money could be far more judiciously spent on us cruising around the Caribbean.

□ AT LATITUDE, WE NEVER STOP ASKING 'WHAT'S THAT?'

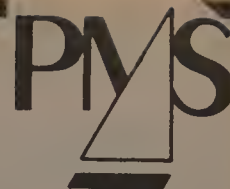
In answer to the question you asked on page 33 of the September issue, the 41CX is a Hewlett Packard programmable calculator.

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Charles Noble
San Bernadino

Charles — We may be dumb, but at least you can't accuse us of being nerds, right?

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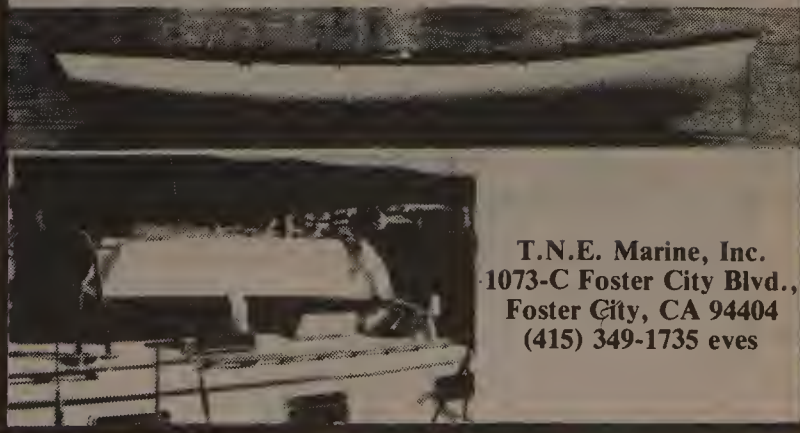
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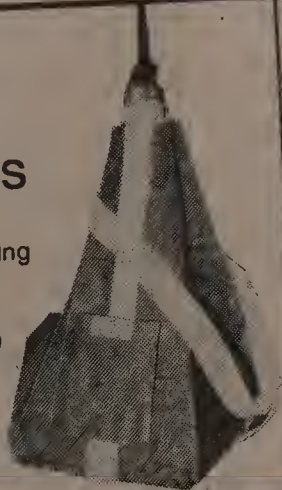


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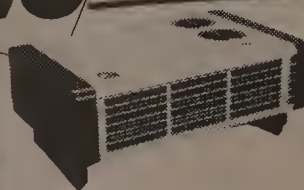
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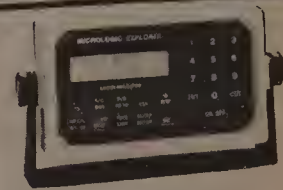
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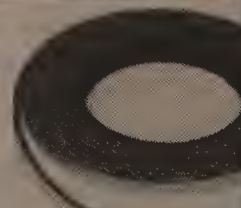
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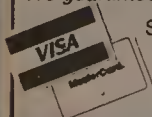
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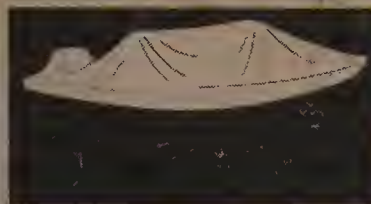


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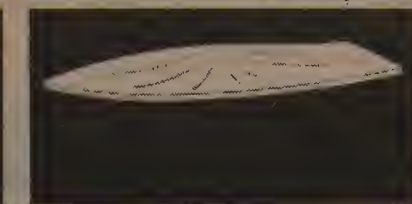
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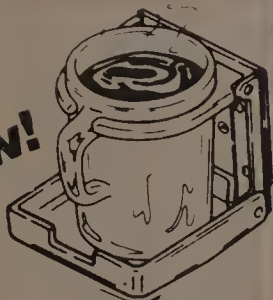
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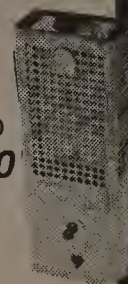
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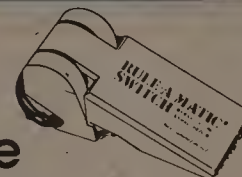
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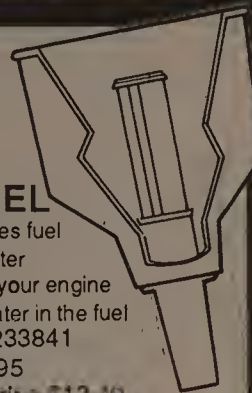
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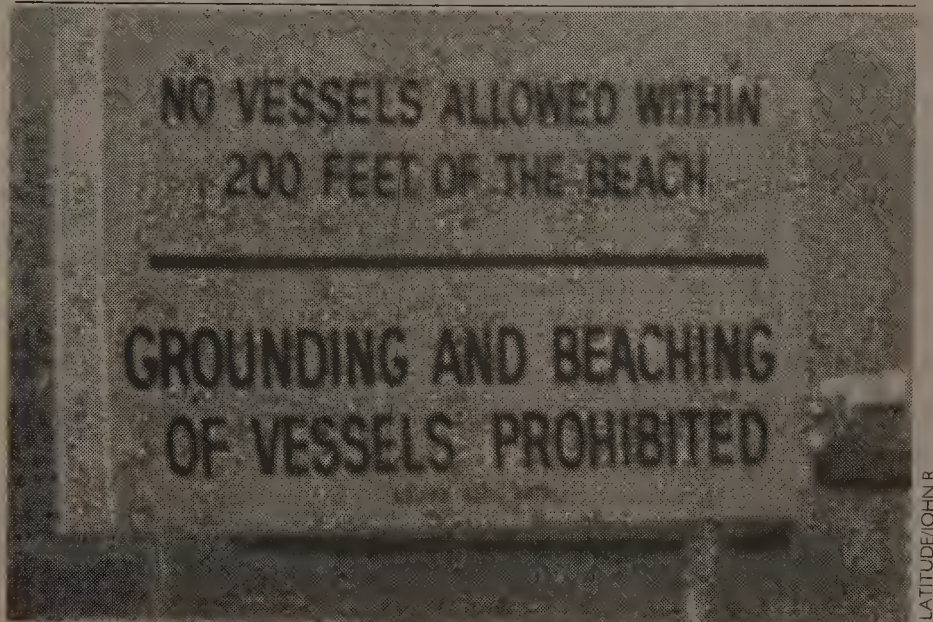
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SIGHTINGS

san diego bay — the big political picture

What you see in the two photographs on this page is the Shelter Island's 'Rock 'n Roll' anchorage and dinghy landing on San Diego Bay. During September we counted close to 97 boats at anchor, with nearly forty dinghies on the beach. Their days, however, would seem to be numbered.



Sign of the times — bad news for dinghies on the beach.

Getting an accurate picture of what's been happening and what's likely to happen to San Diego Bay is difficult. The problems are complex and the bureaucratic processes difficult for the layman to track. Then too, change comes slowly and only after countless hard-to-follow public meetings. Perhaps the only people who have the time and money to really follow what's going on are the taxpayer supported officials who are part of the process. As for average folks with jobs, families and an interest in sailing — well, they've hardly the time or resources to keep current.

If you're confused by what's been happening on San Diego Bay, here's *Latitude 34's* thumbnail summary:

About five years ago the powers that were in the area looked over the waters of San Diego Bay and didn't like what they saw. In many ways San Diego Bay was a mess. Proper yachts and derelicts alike were haphazardly lying about, some properly anchored, some a danger to other vessels. It was not a Chamber of Commerce vision of what 'America's Finest City's' waterfront should look like.

Consequently those with influence decided to investigate who had the authority to do something about it. They learned that the Feds have most of the jurisdiction, but that they'd be willing to consider the adoption of a locally generated master plan to organize the bay.

The local government agency charged with creating the plan was and is the San Diego Unified Port District, which has a seven member board of port commissioners. The board consists of one representative from each of the following bayside cities: Imperial Beach, Chula Vista, Coronado, National City, and Fresno. Just kidding about Fresno. In addition, there are three port commissioners representing the big city, San Diego. Port Commissioners are appointed, not elected.

The port commissioners, claiming to have consulted with all interested groups, boatowners included, whipped up a master plan for the bay that was subsequently approved by the controversial California Coastal Commission. For yachties, the most important feature was the eight different anchorage/mooring areas for private vessels.

If viewed optimistically, the plan appeared to provide for the 650 or so boats that were then anchored out in San Diego Bay. In addition, there would be another 250 or so spaces for growth of the anchored-out/moored

cont'd on next sightings page

the 'public

For what seems like time immemorial, various public officials and the BCDC staff have kept repeating that living aboard is a violation of the "public trust".

What exactly is the public trust with regard to waterways? Let us quote the pamphlet published by the State Lands Commission:

"Do you enjoy boating, fishing or swimming? Your rights to use California's waters are protected by the California Constitution



trust'

and many landmark court rulings."

The pamphlet goes on to explain that the rights to California public waterways owe much to Britain, for in 1850 California adopted English Common Law.

The Articles for Admission of California to the Union adopted in 1850 noted these public rights as they pertain to the state's waterways:

cont'd center of next sightings page

san diego bay — cont'd

population and the transients who gather in San Diego each winter prior to leaving for Mexico.

But many yachties, particularly those anchored out, viewed the master plan with great apprehension. At very best, they felt the plan didn't include sufficient safeguards that there'd be a future place for them on San Diego Bay. At worst the master plan was viewed as a devious strategy for eliminating anchorages under the guise of putting in a few mooring buoys.

Anchor-outs and transient boaters, however, aren't the most potent political force in the world. Only ex-cons and pimps seem to be a less-

cont'd on next sightings page



SIGHTINGS

san diego bay — cont'd

influential constituency. Consequently, their objections had little effect.

Two of the earliest implementations of the master plan were the setting of buoys in Shelter Island's Commerical Basin and at the Laurel St. anchorage. In some respects these were positive moves. When buoyed, the areas were safer to moor in and navigate. And the \$1/day rent is certainly reasonable.

The bad part was that far more boats were displaced than accommodated. According to yachties who'd like to moor at either of the two spots, the waiting list is hundreds of names long.

The rental arrangement itself appeared to have been drafted to assure anxiety among those who got the coveted moorings. For one thing, the leases were limited to one year and could not be renewed. Secondly, signing the lease meant signing away the privilege/right to liveaboard your boat.

cont'd on next sightings page

the public

"... all navigable waters within said State shall be common highways, and forever free, as well to the inhabitants of said State as to the citizens of the United States, without any tax, impost, or duty therefore ..."

Then there's a section titled "Disputes":

"For centuries, property rights of the public in its waterways have often clashed with the property rights of shoreland owners ... " This is dated material. As it is now, the

defensive

Aquatic fun comes in many forms. You can find a bunch of guys having this type on any summer weekend off the Dana Point



trust — cont'd

property rights of the public are being as much threatened by bureaucrats with autocratic ambitions as by shoreland owners.

If the state waters are "forever free", what is the BCDC doing trying to tell people when and where they can use their boats? Perhaps State Lands should print up another brochure on the public trust lest they get sued for false advertising.

driving

breakwater. But sometimes, you can be so busy having fun that you lose track of what's

cont'd center of next sightings page

san diego bay — cont'd

Thirdly, there was a clause that said if necessary the port district could require the area to be vacated in 15 days, with no recourse or relocation rights for the boatowners. It's a tenuous existence at best.

For many anchor-outs, their worst fears had come true. The port commissioners might be living up to the letter of the master plan, but not the spirit as they'd understood it. Hadn't the impression been given that anchored-out boats would be accommodated? The real or imagined assurances of the past rang hollow.

On February 10 of this year, the port commissioners enacted an ordinance that prohibited overnight anchoring in the non-designated areas of San Diego's South Bay. Was it a coincidence or by intent that the only designated anchorage in the south bay had already proven to have poor holding ground and be unsafe? Or was this another step in a carefully orchestrated plan to make life unbearable for anchor-outs?

The stated reasons for enacting the ordinance were to preserve the environment and to protect the safety of those who transited the area during the day. Since 'safety and the environment' have recently been the pretext for passing all manner of restrictive ordinances against yachties from the Florida Keys to San Francisco Bay, only the port commissioners themselves know for sure whether those were genuine concerns or a trumped up excuse to eliminate more anchor-outs.

In March, boatowners in Coronado won a temporary restraining order against the port, which effectively halted the ordinance from being enforced in the South Bay. In May, however, a judge refused to continue the restraining order.

The port then warned that citations would be given to the owners of anchored-out boats in the South Bay within 30 days. After more than a month's wait, on August 11 a Harbor police officer, backed up by Coronado Police, started passing out citations to the owners of boats anchored in Emery Cove. During the next six weeks some 19 citations were issued. The citations aren't like tickets, they are for misdemeanors. The maximum penalty is \$1000 and one year in the pokey.

However the District Attorney's office — whom you'd assume would be quick to support the harbor police and port commissioners, refused to prosecute the cases. Different sides on the matter will give you different explanations why; the fact is that he threw them out.

In September, the port district's Special Council pow-wowed with the District Attorney to iron things out. According to the port's spokesman, Dan Wilkens, the District Attorney and Special Council hammered out their differences and new citations can be expected at any time.

Approximately one month before all this happened, the port commission dragged Shelter Island's 'Rock'n Roll' anchorages back into the picture. When the eight anchorage/mooring areas were planned years ago, the Shelter Island roadstead was left in limbo. In August that changed, as the port commissioners voted to use that area to create a ninth anchorage in the master plan.

By now, however, the intent of the move is clear; to get rid of a bunch more boats on San Diego Bay. Sure, the port commission would authorize putting in something like 50 mooring buoys with the same tenuous leases as in the Commercial Basin and at Laurel St. But what are the other 40 boats anchored there supposed to do — vaporize?

As far as the Port Commission is concerned, such problems lay entirely on the shoulder of boatowners. By intent or not, it's an effective way for the port to instill so much uncertainty and anxiety in anchor-outs that many will simply leave. This, of course, would thereby greatly reduce opposition to the port's plans if not result in the problem disappearing of its own accord.

When pushed, the Port Commission makes no bones about the fact they feel neither the obligation or have the intention of accommodating all the boats anchored or moored in San Diego Bay. Nor are they even willing to offer assurances that there'll be space in the future for legitimate transient

cont'd on next sightings page

SIGHTINGS

san diego bay — cont'd

vessels. Their position is that individuals don't have the right to stake out an area of public water; that San Diego Bay has a growing number of uses as well as increased traffic; and that it's just plain tough if anchor-outs one day discover there is no longer room to accommodate them.

If one takes the narrow view, the Port Commissioner's reasoning is perhaps understandable.

But from a broader perspective, it doesn't cut the mustard.

The coast of California is nearly 1,000 miles long, but in truth there are very few places yachties can drop a hook and take shelter. In fact, the only all-weather places are San Francisco and San Diego bays. As big as these two bays are, public servants in each area, under the wildly waved banners of environmentalism and safety, are effectively seeking to shut them down to anchor-outs.

Thus the very people who would burst an artery at the prospect of eliminating the double-billed downstream snaildarter or the long-necked seersucker clam, think nothing of driving the independent mariner to extinction. If anchor-outs weren't human, the Sierra Club, the Old Ladies With Nothing Better To Do, and Hate To Think That Others Might Be Having Fun Society, would be holding chardonnay and brie tastings to raise money for the cause.

Can anything be done to save the anchorage at Shelter Island? To save anchoring in San Diego Bay? To retain a last vestige of free navigation on our west coast waters?

Probably not. Power brokers, by their very nature, aren't the kind to live anchored-out or even understand that perspective on life. And as noted before, anchor-outs aren't the most sought-after constituency. When, for example, is the last time you saw a San Diego mayoral candidate rowing through the anchorages pressing the flesh?

Perhaps the one great hope lies with the courts. For as they've so capably demonstrated over the years, there's no predicting what the heck they'll do if handed a dispute. If you're interested in seeing that the legal angle gets pursued, you may wish to contact the Bay Users Group at (619) 226-5740 or the Society to Preserve Anchoring Rights, Box 128455, San Diego.

We hate to be defeatist, but without a favorable ruling of the courts, the best hope for west coast anchor-outs is the slim possibility that Mexico might hand over Baja in exchange for eliminating their foreign debt.

the boat shipper's idea is back

What's the hardest thing to regain once you've lost it? Many experts believe it's a good reputation.

In October of 1985, Boat Shipper's Inc. of Newport Beach came up with what many mariners thought was a terrific idea: shipping boats from the west coast of the United States to Cabo San Lucas at the beginning of the season. For sailors the idea of being able to transport a sailboat up the coast by ship rather than have to sail it against the wind and seas was an intriguing one.

So intriguing that at least eight sailors put up deposits or even full payment — in some instances in excess of \$2,000 — for the one-way service. Unfortunately, not a single sailboat was ever delivered from Mexico to California by Boat Shippers. The yachties not only lost their money, but were then stuck with their boats in Mexico. This meant incurring storage fees, extra plane fares and arranging another delivery. In some cases those who'd lost money simply didn't have any more; their boats are *still* in Mexico.

Boat Shippers did deliver a few powerboats. The problem with the sailboats, according to former vice president of marketing, Pete Maddox, was with the design of the cradling system for sailboats. It caused delays that resulted in Boat Shippers being unable to meet their commitments.

Maddox says the principals in Boat Shippers, Tom Warner of Newport Beach and Mexican financial backer Jesus Silva, never intended to stiff boatowners. The problem was that the management simply proved incapable of running such a complex operation. While the Boat Shippers corporation

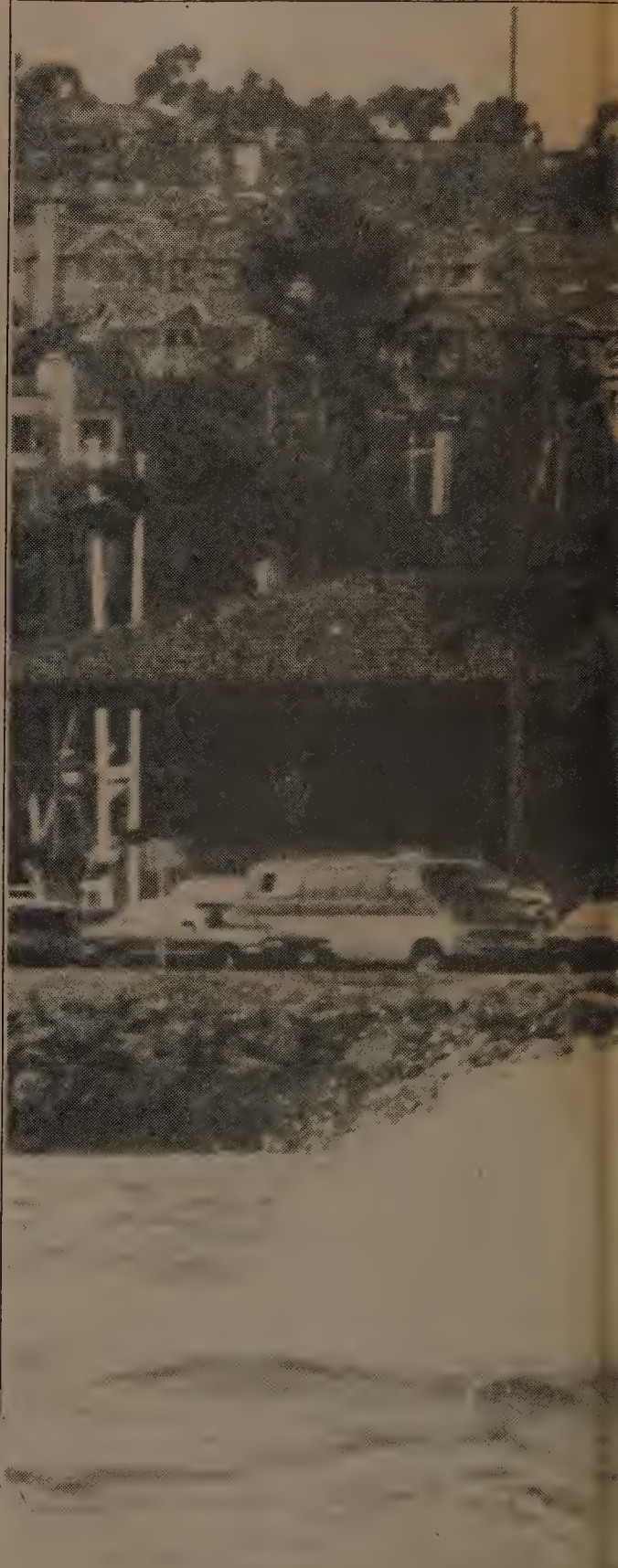
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defensive

going on around you and get into trouble.

On August 29, a jet ski T-boned a powerboat at the harbor entrance. Although it hit at about 25 mph, neither the three occupants of the boat nor the jet ski pilot — who flew over the boat with the ski — were badly hurt. The boat, however, sustained major damage.

A week later on September 7, a pilotless,



LATITUDE/JOHN R

driving — cont'd

"runaway" jet ski struck a 10-year-old girl off neighboring Doheny Beach. (This accident was blamed on a "stuck throttle" as a jet ski is designed to go dead in the water when the operator falls off.) Fortunately, her injuries were limited to large bruises. Lest you think the irresponsibility of youth was to blame, the operators were 35 and 21 years old, cont'd center of next sightings page

boat shipper's idea — cont'd

still exists, it reportedly owes several hundred thousand dollars to a variety of creditors.

Maddox, who quit Boat Shippers in February of this year when the company failed to honor its commitments, offered to buy the company in April. His plan was to pay off all debts and start anew. His offer for the company, however, wasn't accepted.

During a telephone interview in early September, Maddox informed us that he and San Franciscan Mark Glover have become partners in General cont'd on next sightings page



SIGHTINGS

boat shipper's idea — cont'd

Marine Transport, a company formed to provide the service intended by Boat Shippers. Glover is described as being very experienced in the shipping business. He is president of the Basin Group of Companies, four separate concerns involved with different aspects of the shipping business.

Maddox says that GMT is looking to purchase a ship for the purpose of delivering boats to Mexico. The most promising prospect to date is a 400-footer, currently in Nicaragua of all places. That ship would have a capacity of 24 boats. Even though plans for the purchasing or leasing of a ship aren't close to being finalized, Maddox hopes to deliver the first boats to Cabo San Lucas in early November.

GMT's proposed rates would be substantially higher than Boat Shipper's were: approximately \$150/ft for a round-trip between Los Angeles and Cabo San Lucas, or \$90/ft for one way. For a 40-ft boat that means \$6,000 for a round-trip or \$3,600 for one-way. Maddox says the shipping fees would have to be paid in full 30 days in advance. Given Boat Shipper's failure to perform, the full payment in advance requirement is not likely to help GMT's business. This is especially true since it was Maddox who handled customer relations for Boat Shippers.

Maddox is not unaware of the position he's in. "We have a terrible legacy to deal with . . ." he's quoted as saying in a recent press release. We asked him point blank how he planned on overcoming the deleterious effects of his involvement with Boat Shippers. He didn't have a concrete answer, although he pointed to Glover's association as helping with credibility.

Maddox also reported that pending Federal Maritime Commission approval, GMT will honor the agreements made between boatowners and former Boat Shippers clients on a space available basis. At the same time, he cautioned that GMT is not assuming any debts or liabilities of Boat Shippers.

Can GMT overcome the bad reputation created by Boat Shippers? Is \$90/ft more than sailors are willing to pay to deliver a boat back from Cabo to Los Angeles? Stayed tuned to this channel and we'll let you know.

larson's shipyard and marina

From our "off the beaten track" file this month comes a look at Larson's, a little marina in Terminal Island's Fish Harbor. If you've never heard of it, don't feel bad. It's located right across from the Los Angeles YC, but when we asked a couple of people there about the place a couple of months ago, we got two shrugs and one "I'm not sure, but it's been there awhile."

Armed with that useful information, we zipped over — it's almost as hard to find by road as the LAYC — and found out that "awhile" in this case is about 20 years. Next door, the original structure, the old boathouse and yard, have been there since 1924.

As the name implies, Al Larson, a transplanted San Francisco shipwright, started the operation. That was in 1903 at another location. By the time the boatworks moved to its present location, Larson was a sought-after builder of many types of fishing craft. During the war years, the yard earned the Navy's "E" for excellence for the minisweepers it produced. Larson sold his interest in the company to the Wall family in 1961. The Walls, a well-known local family many of whose members were born and raised on Terminal Island, have since added a drydock, an outfitting dock and the Marina, keeping the Larson name.

One hundred twenty-eight boats currently occupy slips in the Marina, says Marina Manager/short order cook/janitor/etc. Brian Miller. The new Cabrillo Marina, which opened last year, drew some boats away, but others have now taken their place, with the result that most of the yachtsmen are gone and the yachties — there is a difference — have remained. When you know something of the history of Terminal Island, you realize that seems somehow as it should be.

Many of the older residents at Larson's remember how it was in the island's heyday. Now clogged with canneries and Navy shipyards, Terminal Island

cont'd on next sightings page

defensive

respectively.

Charges may be brought in one or both of the above cases. When we were there in the middle of September, though, the jet skiers didn't seem any more subdued or cautious than they ever were. In fact, they were

tahoe: shallow water

Running aground at Lake Tahoe sounds like running out of sand in the Sahara. The lake is so deep that until recent years the experts couldn't even measure its depth.

But during September Tahoe boaters were running aground because the lake's level has fallen to its lowest level in six years. The



LATITUDE/JOHN R

driving — cont'd

revelling in jumping the big southerly swells rushing toward the harbor mouth. But you can be sure the Harbor Patrol was keeping a weather eye out for them. And you should, too.

in deep lake

500-passenger *Tahoe Queen*, a stern-wheel tour boat, has been anchoring off its normal pier at South Lake Tahoe and ferrying passengers out with in smaller craft. Marketing people tell passengers they're getting a deal — two boat rides for the price of one.

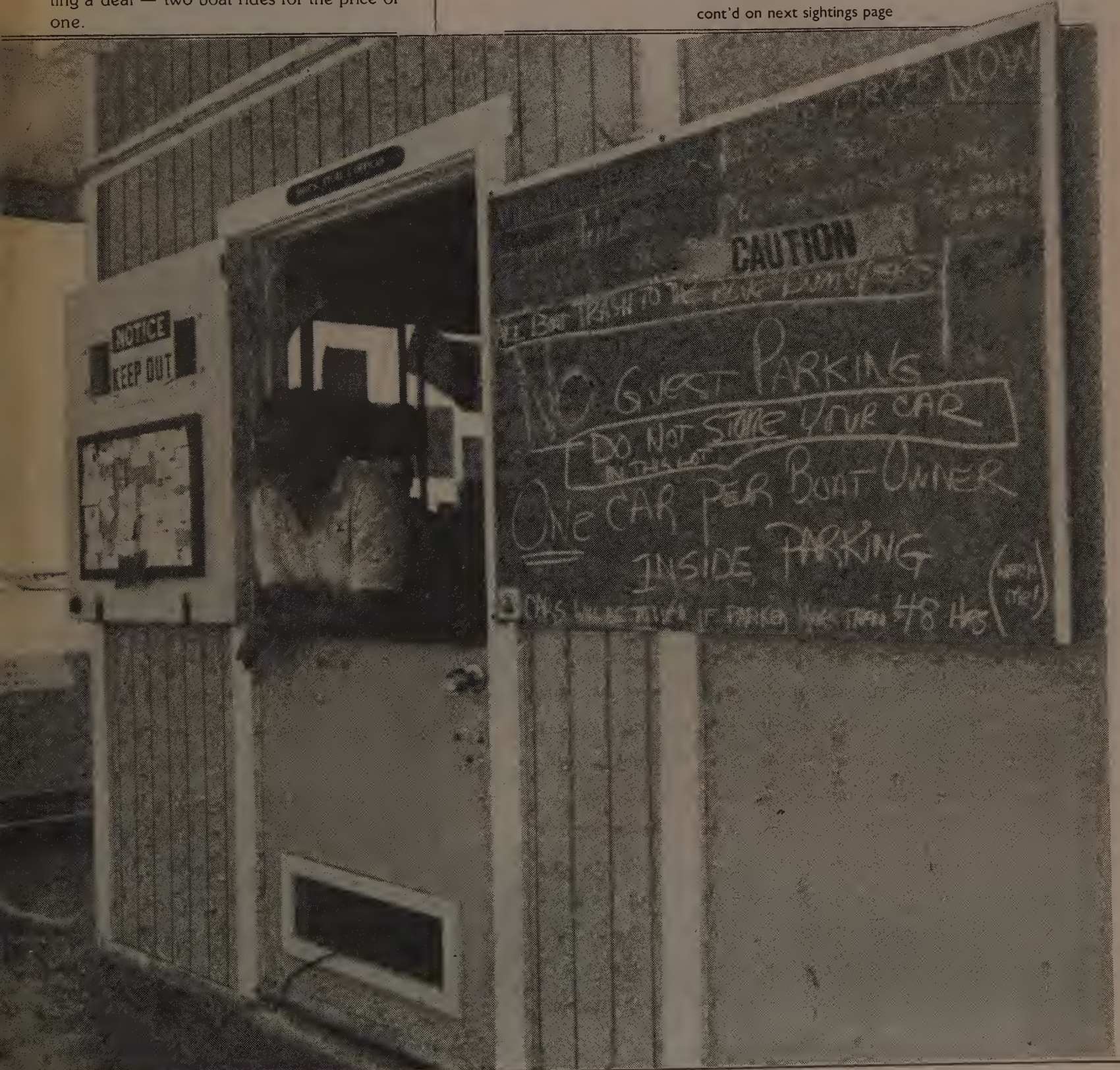
larson's shipyard — cont'd

once had several movie theaters, hotels and a school. (A bathhouse around the turn of the century even earned the island the nickname "Coney Island of the west.") Some even recall the island's original name — Rattlesnake Spit, for the way it twisted and curved. A display at the nearby Los Angeles Maritime Museum described the spit in those days as a "colorful, smelly home for fishermen, artists, writers, some ne'er-do-wells and the ever present, wheeling, noisy gulls."

"There are still a lot of real characters in here," says Brian. And they like Larson's just the way it is.

it was a gas, gas, gas

It was pretty embarassing. First, the sunken boat spewing gasoline into
cont'd on next sightings page



SIGHTINGS

it was a gas — cont'd

Santa Barbara harbor was the tender to *Clean Seas*, the ship on permanent station off the oil islands in case of spills. Second, it was Labor Day, so God and everybody was there to see it all. Third, and perhaps most embarrassing, was the reason the 32-ft powerboat went under at its end tie on Marina 4. A "new guy" secured the lines to the pilings instead of the tires around same. The low tide of the month became the high tide of the month, and the otherwise well-secured docklines pulled *Ajax* under. The gas leaking out was from its fuel tanks.

Anyway, by about 9:30, the Harbormaster's office ordered Marina Four evacuated. And they weren't fooling around; one spark from even a cigarette butt tossed carelessly overboard could have crisped the whole dock and everything on it. One boater roused from his bunk said they wouldn't even let him back below to get sunglasses. Bob McGuire wasn't taking any chances with his new cold-molded 44-footer. He pulled out, picked up friends at

cont'd on next sightings page

mad max makes waves

Last month opened with a windy week of sailing, as shown by the wild and woolly start of the Newport to Cabrillo Beach Race September 12. That's Richard Rauff's R-boat *Debra* at right, with the boat below in hot pursuit, off Newport Pier.

The sailing was just as exciting throughout the weekend all up and down the southland coast. The brisk southerly and accompanying swells were sent up courtesy of Hurricane Max, whose 135 mph winds the previous week made it one of the most powerful hurricanes in recent memory. Small craft warnings — and the small craft — were flying well into the afternoon both days.



it was a gas — cont'd

another dock and took off to the islands.

The *Clean Seas* sent in a crew and surrounded the slick with their oil boom, sopping up the spilled petroleum with special "mops" designed for the purpose. By afternoon, people were allowed back on the dock and things returned to normal. In fact, by the next day, you'd hardly know anything had happened. The *Ajax*' engines were disassembled and rebuilt that night and by Tuesday the boat was operational. No reports on what happened to the new guy, but a telephoto look through a porthole on the *Clean Seas* revealed a large blackboard with "I will never tie directly to pilings again" written 10,000 times.

it took balls . . .

Rumors about water ballasting on the German one-tonner *I Punkt* have been circulating on the grand prix circuit since August's Admiral's Cup.

Too slow to make the German team, *I Punkt* joined the Austrians for the AC and showed a mysterious increase in speed (about two-tenths of a knot), especially during the reaches in the middle-distance race. But she finished badly in the Fastnet due to losing half her rudder. No one could prove anything so the matter went away.

Enter Graham Handley, a New Zealander better known as "Balls", who had the dubious pleasure of sailing on the Judel/Vrolijk design at the recent One Ton Worlds in Kiel, Germany. Handley fired a shot heard 'round the world at that event when he and several other crewmembers of *I Plunkt* accused skipper Thomas Friese of employing movable water ballast — an estimated 400 pounds of it — during the racing. We caught up with Handley at the Big Boat Series, where he was sailing on *Pendragon*, and got the lowdown on the scandal.

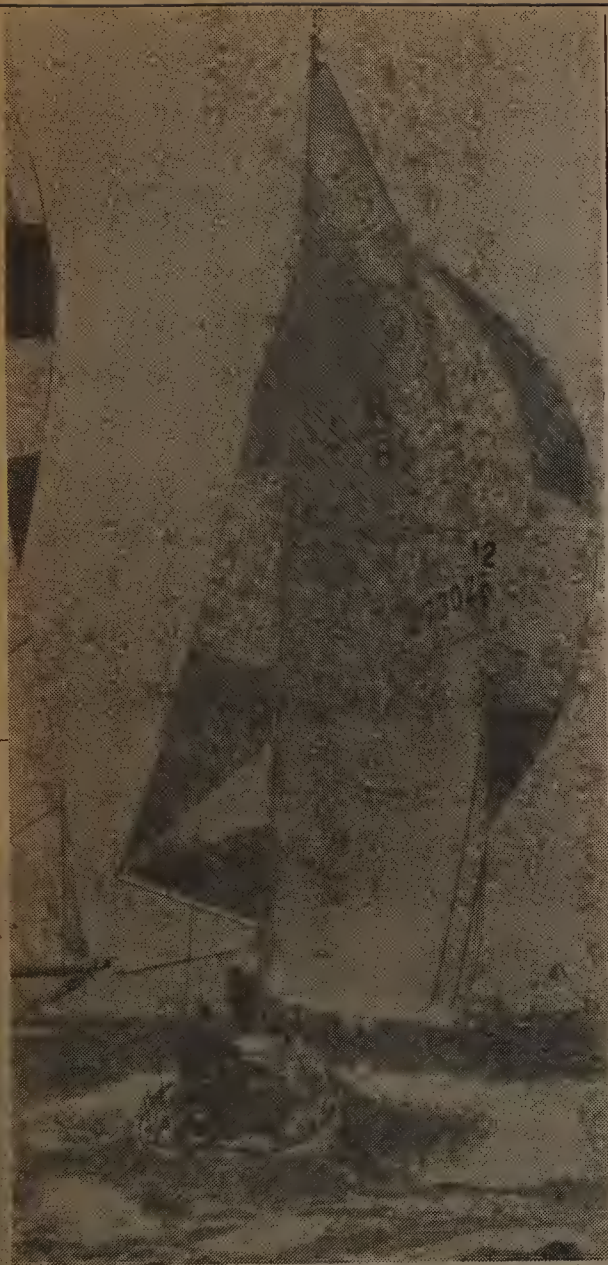
"Balls", who a few weeks earlier had helped sail the Kiwi Farr 40 *Propaganda* to overall victory in the Admiral's Cup, jumped on *I Plunkt* for the Worlds without knowing too much about the crew or their program. He claims to have discovered the elaborate water routing system halfway through the long-distance race, when he went below for the first time in a day and a half. The system took sea water in from the engine intake to a Y-valve, which allowed the water to be pumped to bladders on the top aft bunks on either side. Beautiful in its simplicity, and also highly illegal.

Handley knew of these systems, which are cheap to make and easy to install. They're also easy enough to dispose of when post-race inspection seems imminent (another Farr 40 finished the Fastnet Race with both upper pipe berths broken, and, predictably, no evidence of water ballasting). Handley, who claims to be aware of specific boats and countries — all in Europe — that are cheating in this manner, decided it was time to let the rest of the world know what was going on.

He leaked the story to a member of the New Zealand press, with the reporter's promise not to write until after the Worlds — and not until after "Balls" had blown town. In a fit of misguided journalistic enthusiasm, the reporter went ahead with the story anyway, splashing the scoop all over Kiel's newspapers while the racing was still going on. Word of the accusation, and subsequent written confession of *I Plunkt*'s owner, spread through Europe quickly. Carl Schumacher tells us it was front page news in the English tabloids, getting the kind of sensationalistic coverage normally reserved for sex scandals involving members of Parliament.

"Balls", needless to say, wasn't exactly popular with *I Plunkt* or, for that matter, a lot of other people after the incident. He was quoted in the *San Francisco Chronicle* as saying, "It'll probably be a long time before I can go back to Germany again." Then again, it'll probably be a long time before the owner of *I Plunkt* — who used to sport the Talking Heads motto "Stop Making Sense" in big letters on his boom — is allowed to compete in a yacht race again. Usually, the punishment for cheating is a year or two in the "penalty box", a light slap on the wrist such as Seymore Sinett of *Williwaw* or Burt Keenan of *Acadia* received after measurement infractions in the 1981

cont'd on next sightings page



R-boat 'Debra' shows her heels.

SIGHTINGS

it took balls – cont'd

SORC. In this case, the punishment could be much more severe.

As for "Balls", we think the guy should be nominated for sainthood. Like the guys on *Pendragon* said, "it took Balls to blow the whistle."

lessons from the past

Back in 1907, the little schooner *Bessie K* took on a load of lumber at Port Orford, Oregon. With the captain in town on other business, the mate was left in charge of the loading. Despite the objections of the crew, the foolish mate allowed the lighter dry lumber to be stowed in the hold, while the much heavier dimension timber was loaded on deck. Naturally this helped make the schooner top-heavy.

Four days later the *Bessie K* was seen 'bottom up' off the Coquille River entrance. Apparently she and her entire crew were victims of poor loading.

In one of those quirks of fate, the overturned schooner refused to sink. The upsidown derelict was at the mercy of the currents, and eventually beached herself near Swatow, China. Remarkably, the lumber in the hold remained intact, with the result that many homes along that stretch of Chinese coast were built of Port Orford cedar.

cont'd on next sightings page

california to mexico

Latitude 38 and *Latitude 34's* 'Some Like It Hot' cruiser's rally from California to Mexico is picking up steam.

If you read the last issue, you'll recall that the rally is a non-race race for cruisers heading from California to Mexico for the winter. To keep things simple — the way cruiser's like them — there's no entry fee and you don't sign up until you've finished. You're allowed to start from anywhere in California between the first week in November and the end of January. You're allowed to sail or motor as much or as little as you'd like, although it's important to keep track of how much you do of each.

The 'Some Like It Hot' cruiser's rally ends in Cabo San Lucas at Papi's Deli — where you enter. You enter by legibly recording on the list on the wall the name and type of your boat, your name and that of your crew, the



cruisers rally heats up

time you sailed and the time you powered, and where you're going. Having done that, the captain is presented with an official *Latitude 38* or *Latitude 34* 'Some Like It Hot T-shirt'. Free. The first mate then gets to order one scoop of her favorite ice cream. Free.

In addition, there will be prizes for the winning boats, although we once again remind folks that this is one 'race' in which the fastest boat doesn't always win. We'll give you the criterion for winning after the sailing's all over. Prizes include a hand-held VHF and other goodies.

For those not familiar with Papi's Deli, it's run by Gil and Karen Oyanguren. Gil was born in Mexico, Karen in Canada. Up until a couple of years ago they lived in Oxnard. For the last two year's they've run the

cont'd center of next sightings page



lessons from the past — cont'd

Although the tragedy of the *Bessie K* happened 80 years ago, the lessons to be had from it are every bit as valuable today. Check those which are applicable:

- ☐ always question those in authority.
- ☐ always double check the work of those to whom you've delegated responsibility.
- ☐ stow all gear properly before taking to sea.
- ☐ ships are harder to sink than most people think.
- ☐ the Chinese have good taste in home-building materials.
- ☐ all of the above.

two harbors school

In our younger days, mid-September was only slightly less dreaded than death or being grounded on Saturday night. After all, that was when school started. For a small group of kids who live near Two Harbors on Catalina Island, though, the first day of classes this past September 9 was a cause for celebration. For the first time, they had their own school, all because of a yachtsman who wanted to return some of the goodwill the Two Harbors people have given him over the years.

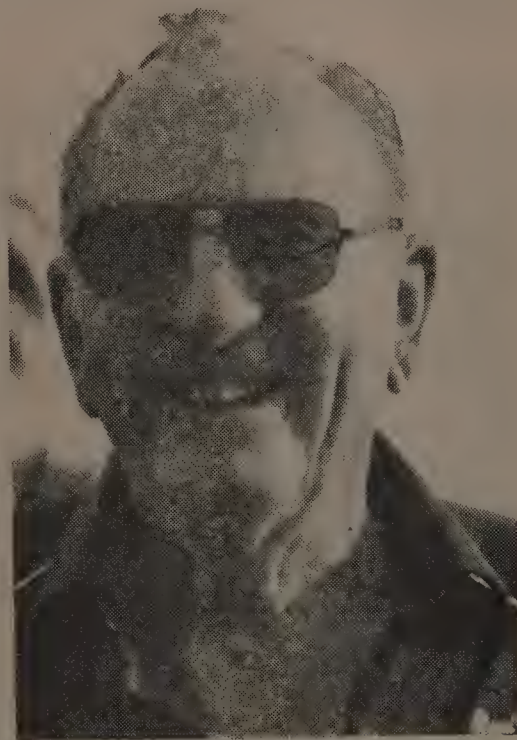
Cliff Tucker has been a regular at Two harbors for 40 years — "Since the last war," he says, "the last war we won." That's long enough to watch a couple of generations of kids grow up. During the school year, all of those kids have had to make a 1½-hour bus ride into Avalon in the morning and 1½ hours back at night. In the winter this meant getting up before daylight and returning home after dark. It just didn't seem right, but with so few children, neither the school district nor the Isthmus residents could afford to build and staff a school of their own.

A few years ago, Tucker made the Long Beach School Board (which oversees Catalina) a proposition. As the retired president of Scotsman

Manufacturing, a company that builds prefab buildings, he would donate the building if they would furnish and staff it. It was an offer the School Board couldn't refuse — it helped that the board of education president was himself educated in a one-room schoolhouse — and the gears started turning. But the machinery of government moves slowly.

"You know how these things go," says Cliff. "My first letter was November 9, 1983. It took until this year to get all the permits, do soil testing, ecological surveys and so on." The 24 by 40-ft, \$75,000 schoolhouse arrived on two barges in July. On opening day, newsmen outnumbered students and history was made: Two Harbors School became the only one-room schoolhouse in Los Angeles County. Teacher Aileen Earl-Wood oversees 15 students ranging in age from kindergarten through sixth grade.

In keeping with the theme, the school is painted red, and even features a bell tower. In deference to modernity, the school has a wheelchair ramp in back, and the kids will soon be solving problems on computers. There are a few concessions to life on the island, too. Like the "Buffalo Crossing" sign on



cont'd on next sightings page

two harbors — cont'd

the road above, and the "No Buffalo" circle-with-a-slash sign on the playground. Donations came from everyone. The Isthmus YC donated the school's flag. And through a series of fund raisers, residents raised \$17,000 to be used partly as an emergency fund to keep the school going in case enrollment drops below the 14-student minimum. Amid all the positive vibes, perhaps the most enthusiastic contingent of all on opening day were the kids themselves. They loved it!

It's safe to say that Cliff Tucker has achieved a new degree of popularity around Two Harbors, too. Although Cliff makes his Island trips these days on his Spindrift 40, he used to be active in racing up and down the coast. In the '60s, he dominated the Lapworth 36 class with *Papoose*, winning the class championship seven years in a row. He was also the one who chartered the ill-fated *Drifter* for the Mazatlan race the year she burned at anchor — with all Tucker's gear aboard.

Cliff wanted to be there on the first day of classes, "So I beat my brains out on a 16-ft speedboat to get over there in the morning." He made it in time to put an apple on the teacher's desk.

Tucker has also started the Two Harbors School Foundation, a non-profit organization that will help fund the school, which because of its small student body has one of the highest per-student costs in the district. "I tell all my rich friends they have to contribute," says Tucker. If you would like to do the same, contact Foundation secretary Maureen Odin at (213) 510-0303.

a short history of navigation

The earliest ocean navigation is said to have been done by the Polynesians, who relied on few if any tools. They simply became incredibly sensitive to the direction of the wind and swells, attuning themselves to the refraction of waves and the appearance of different kinds of marine life.

The next developments in navigation came from the Western world. Using the forerunners of sextants, mariners were able to determine their latitude. With the development of the modern sextant and accurate chronometers — around the time of Captain Cook — mariners could determine their latitude and longitude with relative accuracy.

Today we live in the world of electronic navigation. We can sail into fog-shrouded harbors using Loran and radar, and we can cross oceans in blinding squalls using SatNavs.

The latest development in navigation, however, is for those whose budgets don't allow for sophisticated electronics. It's called garbavigation, and relies on the floating garbage such as the Budweiser can seen in the accompanying photo.

It works like this: If you see mostly floating cans of Bud and Meisterbrau, you're off the coast of San Diego. Half sunk bottles of Becks and Corona mean you're off Newport and Long Beach. You know those big heart-shaped mylar balloons? When you see those, you're somewhere between Redondo Beach and Marina del Rey. This according to detailed surveys made by *Latitude 34's* photoboat in early September.

last call for singlehanders

The fifth and final race of the Pacific Singlehanded Sailing Association's Dave Wall Series will start October 17 at 1100 off Marina Del Rey. The two-day, 60-mile race will take the fleet to Catalina's Isthmus on Saturday and back to Marina del Rey on Sunday. The race is open to members and non-members alike.

Some ten boats are expected to hit the starting line, in everything from Newport 28's to Santa Cruz 40's. Currently Steve Booth, Commodore of the PSSA, leads the series with *Cool Change III*, an Islander 36.

If you enjoy sailing alone — or doublehanded — in the ocean, you might want to give this season-ending race a try. Shorthanded isn't the easiest way

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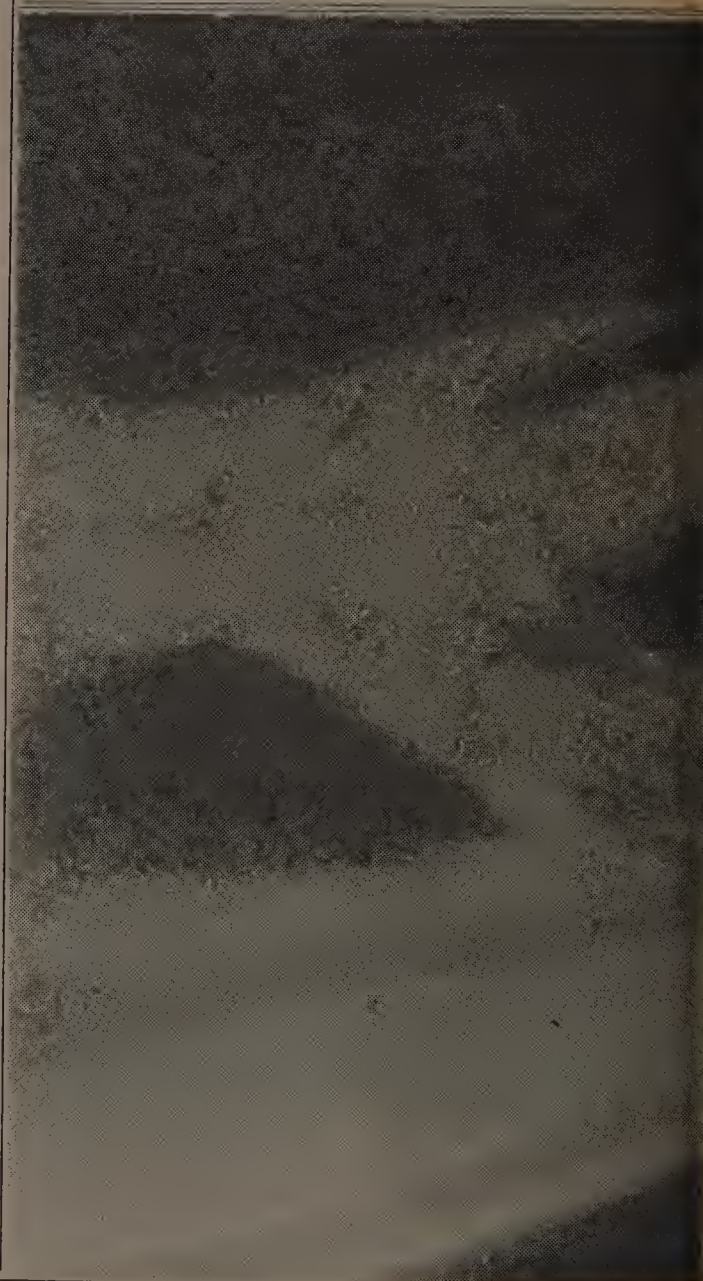
cruiser's

Deli/Ice Cream store that's become a headquarters for cruisers.

The two run the Cabo Net each morning on Channel 22 at 0800. This features the weather report by Phil Porter, a sailor who lost his boat near San Jose del Cabo a couple of years ago but has never gone home. Last year literally hundreds of cruisers checked in with the net and left their remembrances in Papi's scrapbooks.

First time visitors find Papi's a great place to check in because Gil and Karen have helpful maps of Cabo printed right on the back of their menu. The map shows you where to go to check in with Immigration and the Port Captain, where to get fuel, how to get a Temporary Import Permit, etc. Not only do Gil and Karen operate a great information center, they're terrific people.

The Oyanguren's have three children;



rally — cont'd

Timothy, 10; Jeff, 7; and Brittany, 6. And as of mid-September, another was expected soon.

What's the weather like in Cabo now? September 15 was the hottest day of the year, with unbelievable humidity ("you can't breathe when you go outdoors," reports a pregnant Karen) and temperatures well over 100 degrees. There have been the usual number of hurricanes so far, but fortunately none have closed on Cabo.

Karen and Gil were stunned the other day when *Longevity*, a sailboat, arrived from Los Angeles. It takes an either very brave or very foolish skipper to sail to Mexico right in the heart of hurricane season. The boat subsequently headed up to La Paz.

The 'Some Like It Hot' cruisers rally; don't miss it, because all you've got to do is check in to win.

last call — cont'd

to sail in the world, but it's easily the most satisfying.

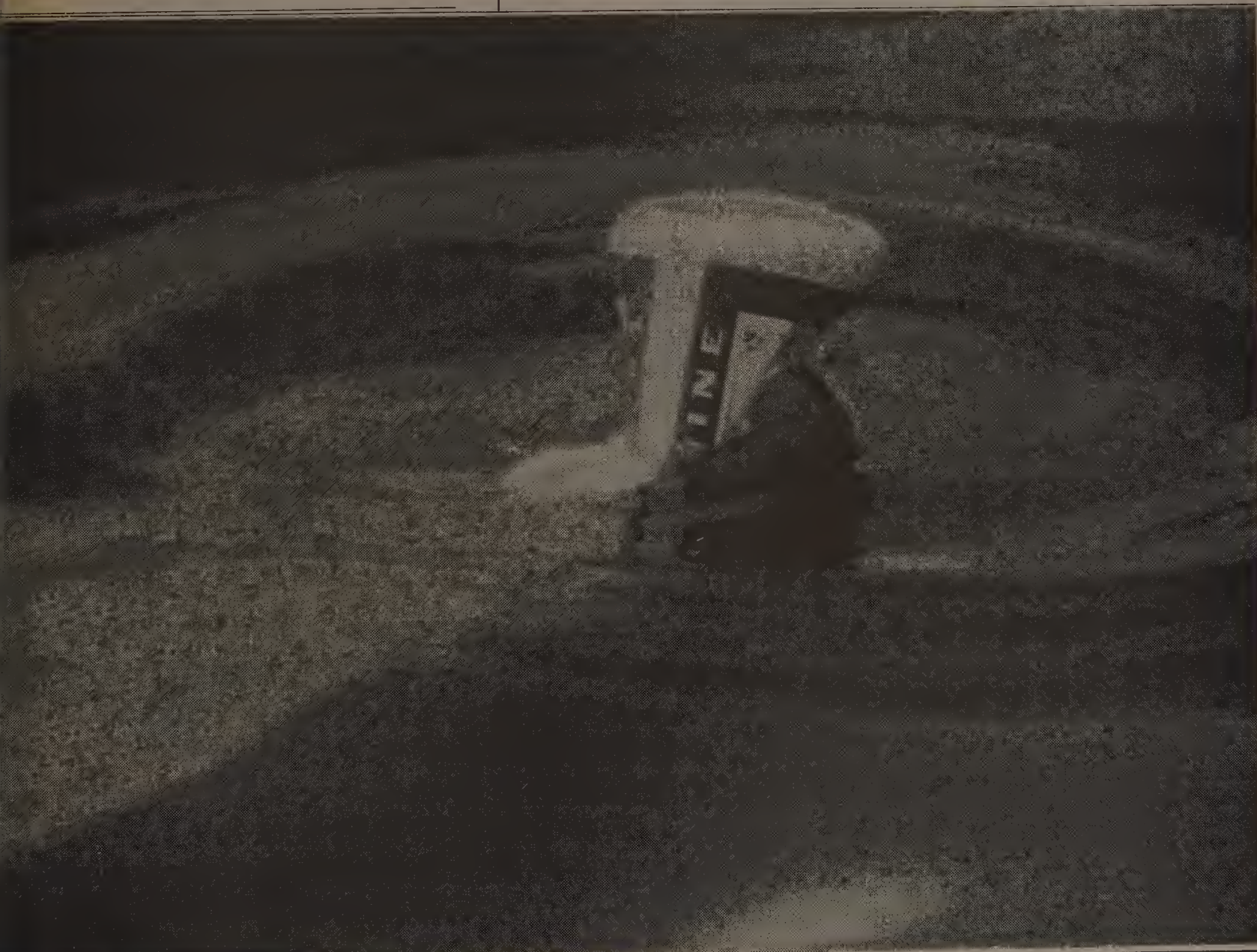
There are two series in the PSSA sailing year; the Dan Byrne series in the spring and the Dave Wall series in the fall. All races are open to singlehanders as well as doublehanders. In addition, the PSSA sponsors the 600-mile Guadeloupe Race every year over the Easter weekend. This shorthanded enduro counts as a qualifier for the Singlehanded TransPac that's held on even-numbered years from San Francisco to Hanalei Bay, Kauai.

To date more than ten PSSA members have done that 2,250-mile singlehanded race. The PSSA would like to have their own shorthanded race to Hawaii, but at the same time they don't want to steal the thunder from the ten-year old Singlehanded TransPac. Perhaps the starting line could alternate with each race?

The PSSA was founded back in 1980 by Dan Byrne and Charles Kite, who were trying to organize a Southern California qualifier for the Singlehanded TransPac. The association began with 18 members and has grown to almost 100. There are members all along the coast from San Diego to Santa Barbara. There's only one female member at present, Linda Carlsen. Not just a token woman, Linda's one of the founders. Women members are not only welcome, they're encouraged to join the PSSA.

Perhaps the PSSA's most well-known member is Dan Byrne. After sailing the Singlehanded TransPac, Byrne did the BOC Singlehanded Around the World Race on *Fantasy*, his Valiant 40. Singlehanded racing is addicting;

cont'd on next sightings page



LATTITUDE/RICHARD

last call — cont'd

Byrne hoped to do the BOC again last year, but was unable to raise the substantial funds necessary to be competitive these days.

Other PSSA members with big plans include Chuck Kite, who is signed up for the OSTAR race across the Atlantic and David Hamilton who is aiming for the 1988 Singlehanded TransPac.

There are no qualifications to becoming a PSSA member. Anyone interested in singlehanded or shorthanded sailing, either cruising or racing, is invited to attend the monthly meetings.

"It's a good place to come and exchange ideas, talk about equipment or discuss your cruising plans," says co-founder Chuck Kite.

Initiation fees for the association are \$10, after which membership is \$36 a year.

PSSA meetings are held at the Pacific Mariners YC in Marina del Rey every second Monday of the month. Interested sailors should simply show up at a meeting or write the PSSA at Box 9523, Marina del Rey 90292.

destruction by debris

Anyone who has done much ocean sailing can tell you there's plenty of debris out there. Some of it is natural, like the tree stumps often seen off the Pacific Northwest. Much of it's man-made, such as the ubiquitous styrofoam coffee cups and other common garbage. Then there's the trash that can only be called unique. Long-time *Latitude* readers may recall the photo we published of the huge Titan booster rocket some cruisers came across in the middle of the ocean.

Most ocean debris is small and soft enough to be harmless. Glass or plastic Japanese float balls, for example, aren't going to sink a well-constructed boat. The same cannot be said for larger, harder debris such as bundles of logs or containers that have rolled off cargo ships in heavy weather. Bob Hanel's Multihull TransPac record holder *Double Bullet*, for example, is believed to have been the victim of such blue-water debris while racing across the Atlantic.

A more recent casualty of such debris was Frank and Tina Lord's 45-ft sloop, *Ocean Child* (not to be confused with *Wind Child*), that temporarily went aground on Baja. Designed by Bruce Roberts, *Ocean Child* was professionally built in Taiwan.

Originally from Mystic, Connecticut, the Lords had sailed to Bermuda, the Virgin Islands (where they were married), to Panama, up to Costa Rica (where Allegra was born), to Mexico, non-stop to Alaska, then down the west coast to Mexico again.

It was earlier this year, dawn on May 17 to be exact, one day out of Puerto Madero bound for Costa Rica, when *Ocean Child* struck a submerged object. The Lords had been motorsailing at the time, doing about five knots, when there was a loud, almost explosive 'crack!' Frank looked over the side, but because it still wasn't completely light and because the object was submerged, couldn't identify what they'd struck. But because they'd seen so many of them floating around, the Lords assumed it was a container they'd hit.

A quick check of the bilge revealed that water was pouring in from an inaccessible area of the hull at a terrific rate. Both bilge pumps — with a capacity of 2000 gal/hr. — proved incapable of keeping up with the flow. Frank considered donning the scuba gear and trying to patch over the hole or stuff something into it, but he decided there just wasn't time. Besides, there had been sharks everywhere.

MAYDAY calls were broadcast on both VHF (channel 16) and ham (14.313). Neither brought a response, although they later learned that their ham call had been heard. The Lords quickly loaded food, water and valuables into their inflatable and Montgomery hard dinghy. Frank, 42, Traci, 41, and Allegra, 4, then stood by for the 30 or 40 minutes it took for *Ocean Child* to slip beneath the waves.

During a telephone interview, Tina recalled, "It was really devastating to

cont'd on next sightings page

a group for

Lots of people are single, and the seas are populated with sailors. But single sailors find it isn't easy to meet other single sailors.

So the Sailing Federation for Singles has formed in Santa Monica Bay. Founder Suzanne Fischel Kite says the group's emphasis will be more on sailing than being

it's latitude

Why is this man's tongue going where only rope is supposed to go? We don't know. He wouldn't say. We just took the picture. We're leaving the explanation up to you.

We figure you folks will probably come up with a caption or two. We've already thought

singles who sail

single, as there are other groups just for singles. The group will hold its second meeting October 22 at Pacific Mariners YC in Marina Del Rey.

The cost is \$3. For more information call (213) 823-3152 or (213) 306-1136.

caption contest time

of "Safe sex on the water," and "I don't have a clew."

Send us your captions. We may print the best one and if we do we'll send a T-shirt to the winner, but one thing for certain: this guy will never stick out his tongue again when we have a camera ready.

destruction — cont'd

see the boat go down because we were losing everything we'd collected in five years. We were in shock — and to a certain extent still are."

The Lords had been cruising the boat for five years; it had been the only home that Allegra had ever known. They had been in the process of a long, leisurely circumnavigation.

Things, however, could have been worse. The wind and sea were light, and they were just 30 or so miles off the coast. After powering toward shore for six hours, they were sighted and rescued by the Guatemalan fishing vessel, *Don Rafael*. Shortly thereafter they were transferred to a naval vessel for the trip to Puerto Quetzal. After a week of getting the paperwork taken care of, they flew back home to the east coast.

The Lords say they miss their west coast cruising friends almost as much as they miss *Ocean Child*. They'd like everyone to know that they can be reached at 178 Farmholme Road, Stonington, CT 06378 — at least until they go to sea again.



1987 BIG BOAT SERIES:

Ain't no such thing as too much fun!

— Commander Cody
and his Lost Planet Airmen

When the Commander came up with *Too Much Fun*, a popular party anthem in the '70s, he must have had the St. Francis YC's Big Boat Series in mind. Couldn't get that song out of our minds — or wipe the smile off our faces — throughout the week-long festivities that began Sunday, September 13.

Maybe it was seeing old friends again as the clan gathered for the 24th edition of the West Coast classic, or maybe it was all the Ramos fizzes and Meyers/OJs. But more

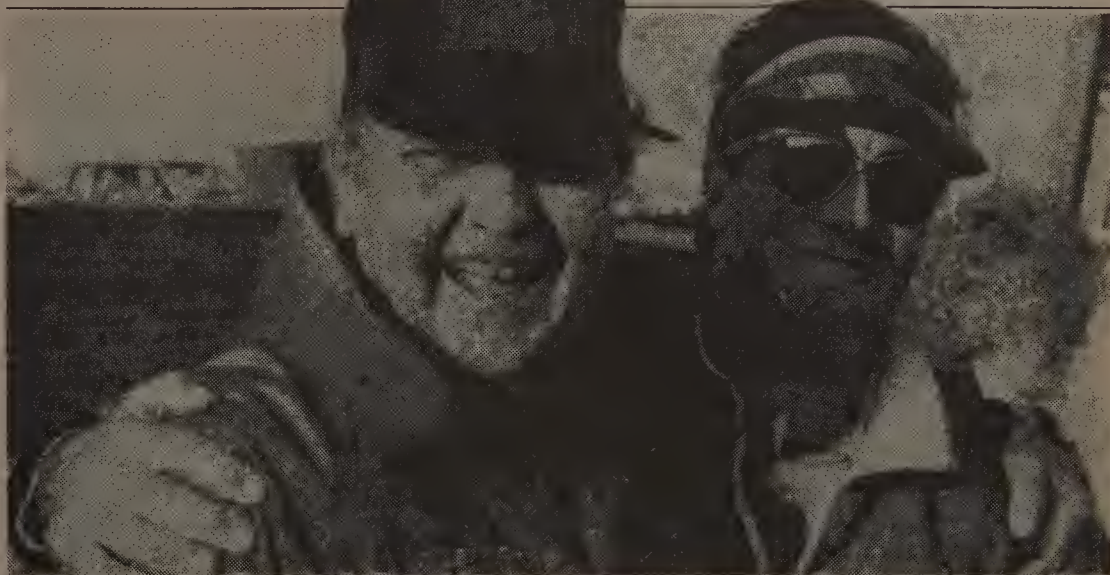
Spread; The Keefe-Kilborn class beating past the St. Francis. The other eight boats in the class were a matter of yards away.



THE BEST ONE EVER

likely we were having so much fun because this was simply one of the best Big Boat Series ever.

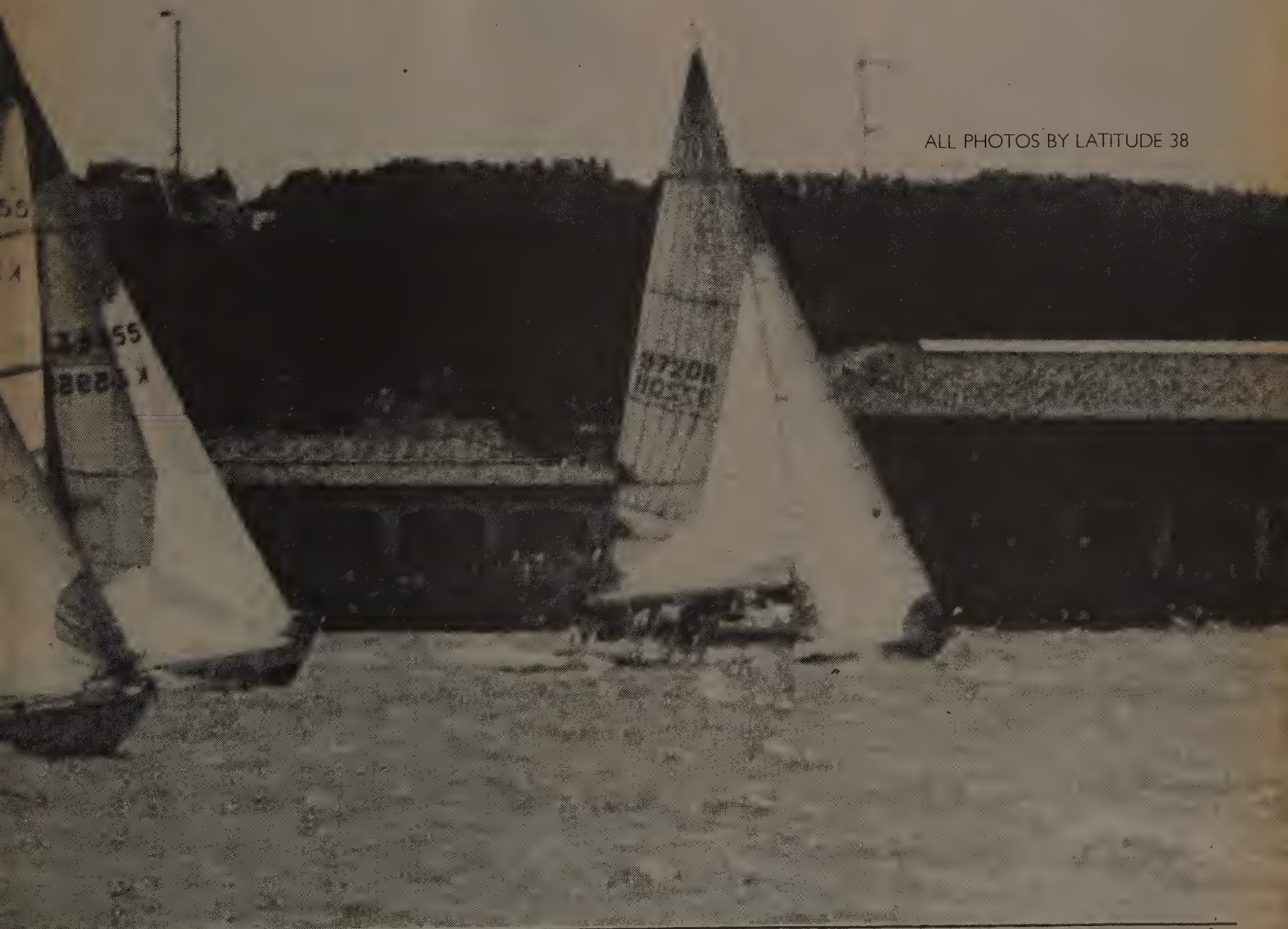
The yacht owners — from 75-year-old John Arens of *Tomahawk* to Arthur Morganstern, a 31-year-old architect who now owns *Pacific Sundance* — seemed to agree with that assessment. Crew members were smiling — from grizzled Whitbread vets to family members along for the ride (like 14-year-old Zack Twist, who listened to the ballgame on his Walkman while riding the rail on *Blade Runner*). Even Gus, a noted bartender at the club and a man with his finger on the yachting pulse, confirmed that this was indeed a particularly outstanding series.



Above: John McLaurin and Kimo Worthington of 'Pendragon III', top performer in this year's Big Boat Series.

The spectators loved it, too. The Big Boat Series continues to be the easiest grand prix regatta in the world to watch, and it's held on

ALL PHOTOS BY LATITUDE 38



1987 BIG BOAT SERIES:



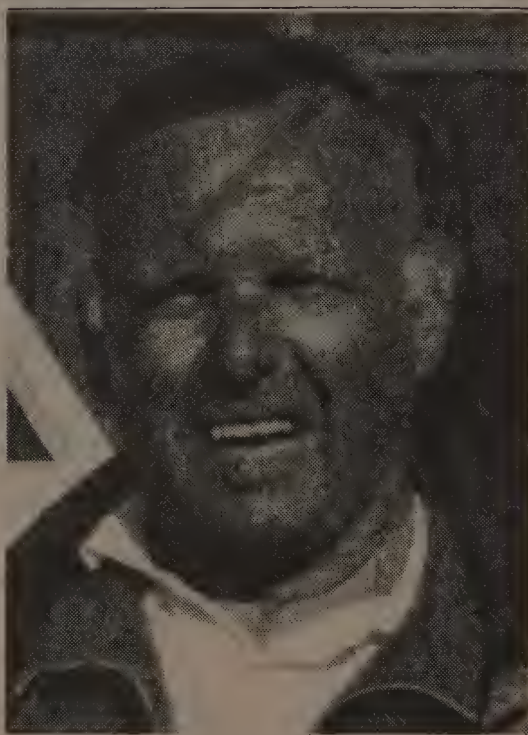
He just looks like he's walking on water. Actually it's 'Blade Runner' and her bow man drafting on 'Swiftsure'.

one of the most beautiful arenas anywhere. The racing this year featured more than enough tight mark rounding, hairy reaches, crashes and carnage (two boats were dismantled, a dozen or so chutes were shredded and who knows how many spinnaker poles were turned into aluminum pretzels) to hold the spectators' interest.

Then there was the people watching. The club was jammed with captains of industry, brand name sailors from around the country, and dozens of 12 meter alumni. As always, they attracted an abundance of beautiful, sharply dressed women. *Shockwave*, as usual, was surrounded by an entourage of these "turbo foxes".

The dockside boat show wasn't bad either. There were some pretty exotic pieces of hardware to check out, including two members of the U.S. Admiral's Cup team, *Sidewinder* and *Insatiable*, and the newest maxi sled, *Mongoose*.

Even with the sideshows, it's the racing that people really come for — and this year it was spectacular. While the 46-boat attendance was down a bit (three years ago there were 66, an all-time high) the fleet made up in quality what it lacked in quantity. The fall-out in the sport has been from the bottom of the ranks, not the top. The St. Francis doesn't let old boats dilute the grand prix ranks of the BBS just to swell the numbers, so all the contestants this year were pretty hot. In fact, with few exceptions, everyone



'Happy Jack' James of Santa Barbara finally took honors with 'Jubilation'.

went into the regatta with a fighting chance to crack the top three in their class.

The St. Francis, relying on volunteers rather than commercial sponsorship, put on a terrific regatta. The 21- to 25-mile courses were challenging, the lines were square, the protests were handled justly — the race committee did a great job.

The weather cooperated, too. The first and third races were lighter air "tactical" affairs, while the second and fourth races were medium air "boatspeed" days. The finale, when the Westerly Wind Machine finally kicked in against the ebb, was a classic San Francisco Bay "gearbuster".

Despite outstanding fleets, after three races, the pecking order was pretty well established in four of the five classes: *Mongoose*, *Jubilation*, *Earl of Mar* and *Pendragon III* led their classes at halftime and were never overtaken. Only the Keefe-Kilborn class for midsize IOR boats was up for grabs going into the last race. With the pressure on, *Insatiable* came from behind to nip *Quintessence*.

Not surprisingly, the highest rating boats in each handicap class had won in the mostly flood tide, closed course series. Bigger boats, as usually happens at the BBS, were able to sit on their competitors' wind, forcing them to tack away from the favored "lane".

Top performer of the week, and recipient of the Charles A. Langlais Perpetual Trophy, was John McLaurin's one tonner *Pendragon*

III. This is a subjective honor that the race committee awards to the boat that, in its estimation, did the best against the most competition. This is the second year the trophy has been awarded, and the second year it has gone to the winner of the one ton class. *Mongoose*, despite quintuple bulleting the week, apparently wasn't considered because her fleet was small and relatively weak.

St. Francis Perpetual

According to Webster's, a mongoose is a "ferret-like, flesh-eating mammal noted for its ability to kill poisonous snakes. It is frequently domesticated." Paul Simonsen, who reportedly kept a mongoose as a pet when he flew choppers in Vietnam, obviously has a thing about the weaselly little critters. He has named both his boats — a Santa Cruz 50 that he'd like to sell and his latest yacht, a beautiful flush-decked Santa Cruz 70 — after



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the animal.

Completed just two weeks before the series, the "Ondine blue" *Mongoose* had to be domesticated in a big hurry. Then, in an impressive debut, she ripped the five-boat 70-rater ULDB fleet with five straight bullets. Utilizing a taller, four-spreader discontinuous rig and more lead in the keel than a stock SC70, the stiffer *Mongoose* proved — as expected — to be in a class by herself.

According to driver Tom Blackaller, who nailed most of the starts, the boat could either go three-tenths of a knot faster or point three degrees higher than any of the other sleds. It wasn't much of a contest.

Mongoose was so dominant that she led the small fleet at every mark except the first windward mark of the series. After a long light-air beat up to Crissy, the Nelson/Marek 66 *Pandemonium* had rounded first. But they botched their jibe-set, giving *Mongoose* a lead she never surrendered. The 3,500

pounds of lead in the bilge necessary to get *Mongoose's* rating down to 70 didn't seem to matter at all.

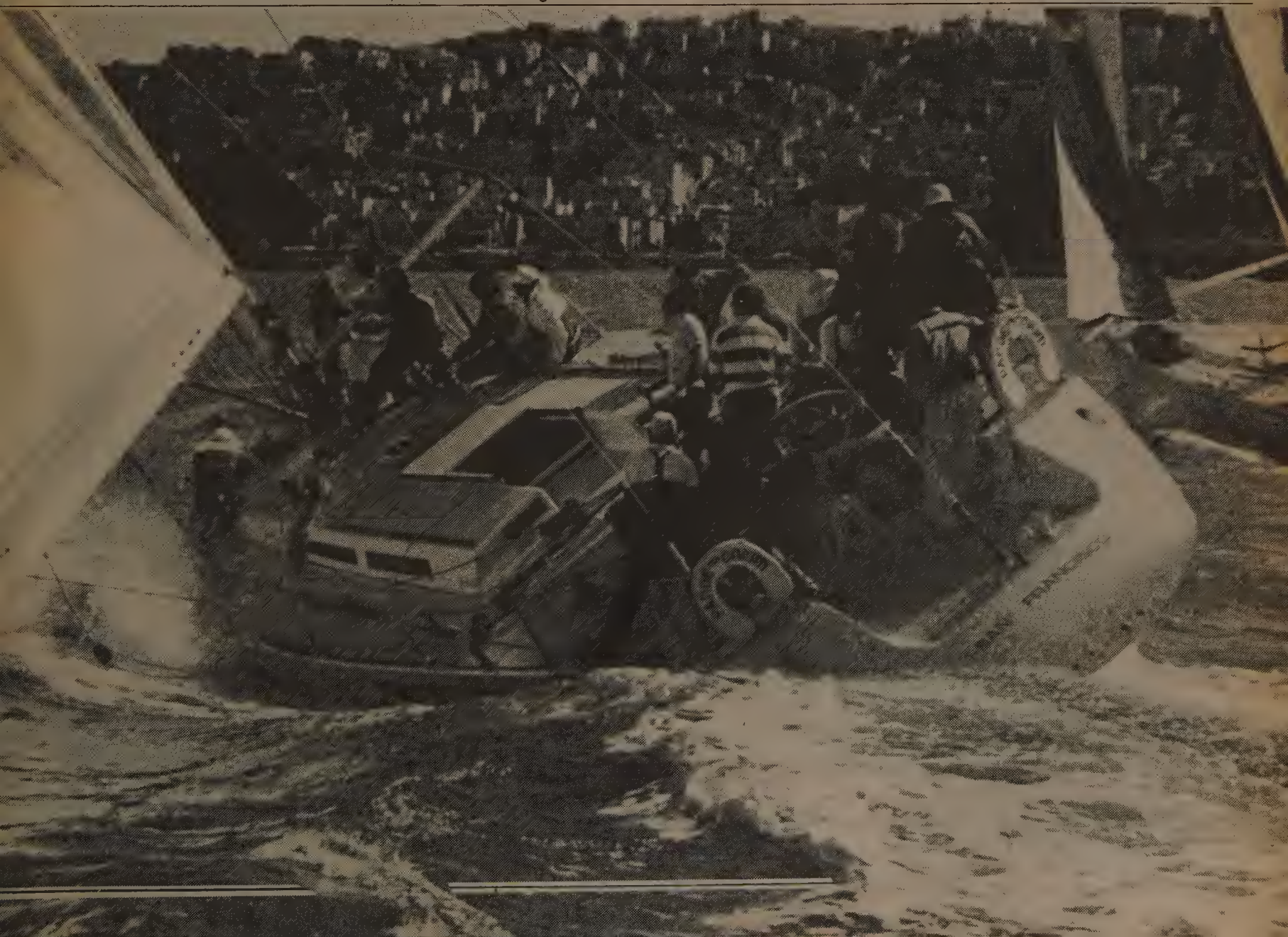
As the wind built during the week and the crew got more familiar with their new steed, *Mongoose's* margins of victory grew. Simonsen, retired at the age of 40 after selling his toxic waste disposal company a few years ago, is planning an aggressive year-long campaign which will take the boat to Mexico and Hawaii. He credited Zan Drejes, *Mongoose's* BMW, for putting the boat together in a hurry. He also complimented his talented 20-man crew that included standouts Steve Taft, Ben Mitchell, Don Jesberg, Dewey Hines, Em Black and Skip Stevely.

But part of *Mongoose's* domination had to do with the design — longer, stiffer boats Chris Corlett drove 'Pandemonium' aggressively trying to make up for three feet of waterline. It was frustrating.

have always proven faster in Bay conditions. Carl Schumacher put it this way, "Boomerang, or any leadmine 70-rater, would have blown this fleet away. Sorcery smoked the four sleds in MEXORC this year. *Mongoose* represents a move in that direction — she's an upwind-oriented sled, which may ultimately prove bad for the class." Bad in the sense that the cost of modifying boats for individual races may price even some high-rollers out of the competition.

One wonders if these boats won't become prohibitively expensive "Lego Sets", with snap-on underbodies and rigs for different kinds of racing. Perhaps the new "70 Association", which already did away with long-pole turbo PHRF racing, will address this issue next. The stated purpose of the association, headed officially by Roy Disney and unofficially by Bill Lee, is to get all the boats in the same place and in the same configuration. *Mongoose* may present a problem.

Far back in her semi-sistership's wake, and probably also wondering if this is the dawn of



1987 BIG BOAT SERIES:



Arthur Morgenstern's 'Pacific Sundance' was a big surprise taking second in the competitive Richard Rheem division.

a new era in sledding, were the SC70s *Citius* and *Hotel California*. *Citius*, an original "stock" SC70 owned by a Los Angeles syndicate headed by Bill Wilson, had Pete Heck steering with Alan Andrews calling tactics. *Citius* is coming off a good year, which included victories in the Puerto Vallarta Race and the Cal Cup, and her new elliptical rudder and bulb keel seem, if anything, to have increased her speed. She match-raced and beat *Hotel California* in the last race to take second place by a point.

John Wintersteen's *Hotel California* was driven to third place by Jack Halterman. Jim Dewitt called the shots, Howie Marion worked on boat speed, and designer Bill Lee organized the crew. Despite the SC70 sweep — and to the disappointment of the crowd — Lee never donned his magician's outfit. But Lee has plenty of reason to be happy these days — SC70 hull No. 8 is in the works for TransPac winner Don Ayers, who just sold *Drumbeat* and hull No. 9 is rumored to be committed to a buyer.

In fourth place was Roy Disney's *Pyewacket*. It was a disappointing showing from one of the newer, more exotic sleds. Drivers Disney and Mark Baxter, aided by local knowledge source John Ravizza, match-raced the aptly named *Pandemonium* for last place, beating Los Altos doctor Des McCallum's boat in the last race when the wind piped up.

Pando started out strong with a second-place finish, but fell apart as the series went on. Driver Chris Corlett felt the boat, which

is three feet shorter on the waterline than the other sleds, was no match for the 70s in a breeze. "If we sailed perfectly we could barely hold our own in the No. 1 range. When we were into the No 3, forget it!" At least *Pandemonium*, which is McCallum's first boat, had the irrepressible duo of Steve Baumhoff and Billy Brandt aboard to maintain perspective through laughter.

Atlantic Perpetual

"The Big Boat Series for us has been a tale of tenacity," claimed a happy Jack James, owner of the Frers 54 *Jubilation*.

Jubilation finally won her division in the BBS after trying for the last four years. In fact, she didn't just win, she annihilated the six other boats in the "big" IOR class. Except for a second in the fourth race to *Blade Runner*, *Jubilation* sailed a perfect regatta. Rating at the top of the class, she routinely charged away from the starting line, sailing faster and pointing higher than anyone else. With Paul Cayard driving and Rich Hackett minding the tactics, *Jubilation* made it look easy.

At the Sunday morning awards ceremony, James drew a big laugh from the crowd when he thanked the St. Francis for "keeping this regatta going long enough for us to win." A highly successful boat otherwise, *Jubilation* has been plagued with problems in the BBS. Last year the afterguard misread the finishing instructions in one race and fouled a boat in another. The year before that, they were stuck on a truck in the desert for the first two races. In 1984, *Jubilation*'s first season, they finished 7th.

"We'll be back next year to defend our

title," claimed James. Next stop for the red, white and blue rocketship is late December's Southern Cross series in Australia.

Finishing a distant second to *Jubilation* was the bottom rater in the class, Bill Twist's R/P 47 *Blade Runner*. Twist, arguably the best owner/driver in the BBS, and tactician Jim Pugh, got clean starts and often were able to round the first mark ahead of a few boats. After the spinnakers went up, *Blade Runner* routinely hitched a ride on the wake of a bigger boat, preferably the big blue *Swiftsure*. (Thus, Sy Kleinman's '77 Frers 58, a veteran of innumerable BBS's, picked up a new nickname during the week: "Sy's Towing Service.")

Blade Runner hung on in the ebbtide-influenced fourth race to beat *Jubilation*, which owed them roughly nine minutes. It



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was the first time that the boat has won a race in the BBS since 1984, when she rated at the top of the next division down. *Blade Runner* cut a distinctive path leaving the harbor every morning: sporting a spinnaker they "made" into a battle flag at MEXORC, they ritualistically blasted the same Robert Cray tape over their deck speakers at ear-splitting volume. (The rumor about Twist spending more money on speakers than headsails turns out to be unfounded.)

Hard luck case in this division was Jerry Schostak's red Frers 50 *Fujimo*, which snapped the top of its mast off half a mile from the finish in the fourth race. Driven by former Boston University sailing star Jack Slattery, the Chicago-based 40-rater was clearly faster than last year when she finished sixth. Hampered by minor gear failure early

in this series, *Fujimo* had climbed into second place before the 600-pound rig broke at the top and bent backward. *Fujimo* spent the next hour drifting downwind toward Berkeley, vainly trying to salvage their sails — or what was left of them.

Locura, a pretty new Soverel 50 from Florida with former *Stars & Stripes* navigator Peter Isler driving and designer Mark Soverel aboard, finished third.

Carat VI, a one-year-old Frers 50 from Sweden, finished fourth, but had a good excuse — the language barrier. According to local knowledge source Mik Beattie, the crew at the ends of the boat spoke English, while those in the middle spoke Swedish.

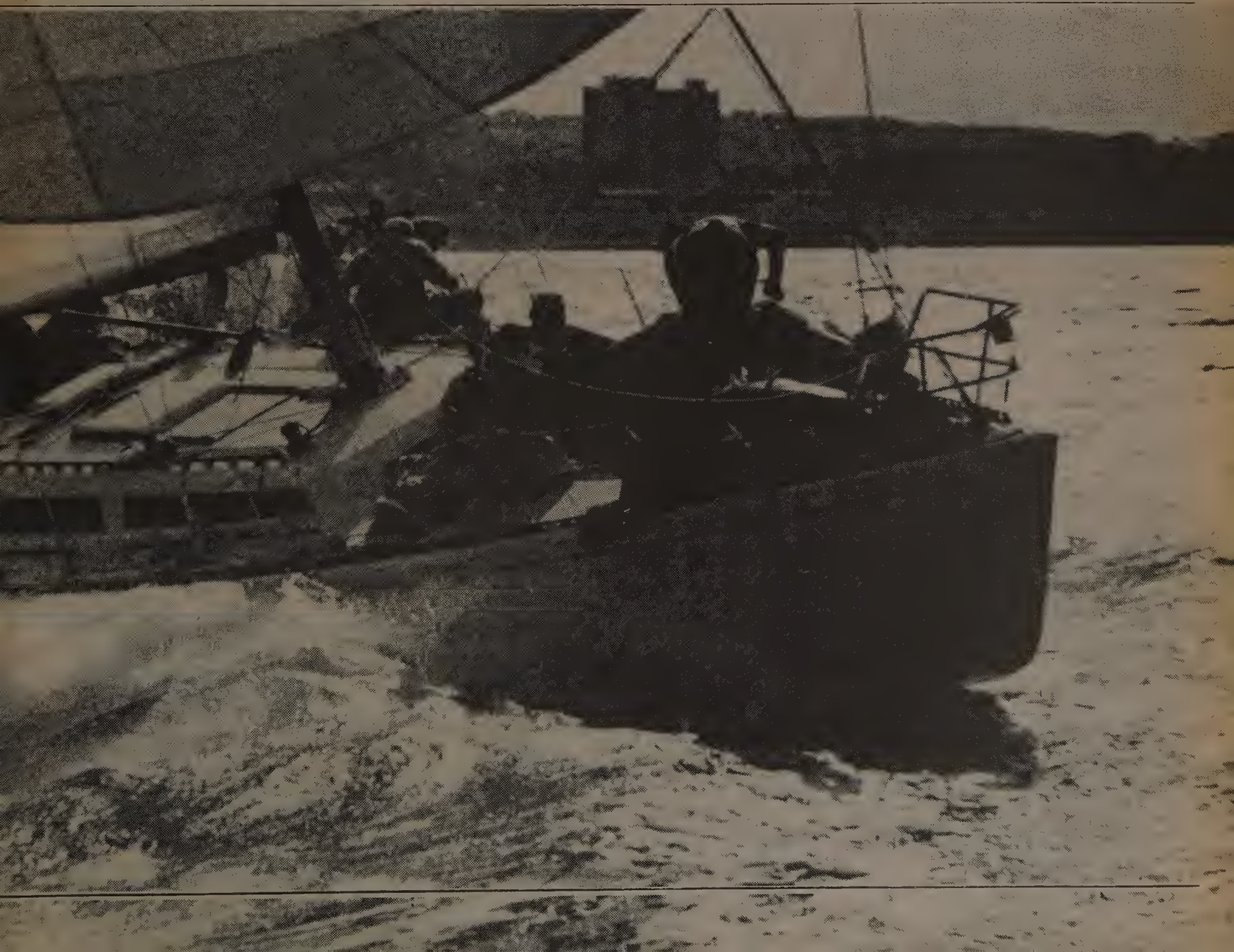
'Hana Ho' gave it the "go big or go home" effort, on the spinnaker reaches, but had to settle for second.

Larry Leonard, a sailmaker from Annapolis, steered most of the series for *Carat*, a boat that has spent all of a week in its native country. *Carat* bent their bow pulpit and two stanchions rather badly on a windy reach when they submarined off *Fujimo*'s wake and their unturtled No. 3 went over the side.

City of San Francisco Perpetuals

What was the difference between Kirke Erskine's SC 50 *Earl of Mar* and the winner of this division? Only an IOR measurer could tell. Erskine's had two SC50s, both named *Earl of Mar*. He sold his first, a stock model, and now it's named *Chardonnay*. The latest one, sporting some IOR-influenced modifications, posted a 3-1-1-2-1 record to easily beat seven other SC50's in this class.

Harvey Kilpatrick, a non-rockstar Carmel insurance broker who recently helped *Allure* win their TransPac class, was the guest



1987 BIG BOAT SERIES:



'Insatiable', looking like she's in big trouble at Blossom Rock. She recovered to win the Keefe-Kilborn division.

driver. Dee Smith served up the tactics and also coined the *Earl's* motto for the week — "boatspeed over seamanship".

Apparently the crew work was a little ragged during their one and only practice, but the boat proved to be plenty fast, especially upwind. Aside from attempting to lobotomize bow man Pete Swain with the spinnaker pole in an early race, the 16-man crew pulled together nicely during the series — despite, in some cases, not learning each other's name until the racing was almost over.

Contrary to popular belief, *Earl of Mar* isn't named after an obscure 50's song, but rather for owner Erskine's ancestors, seven of whom held that title in Scotland. "Unfortunately, the family screwed up somewhere along the way and lost the title," explained Erskine, a retired theatre owner from Monterey.

The present *Earl* is two years old and is hull No. 28, the 27th SC50 (there was no hull No. 13) to roll out of Lee's chicken coop. (The newest 50, *Deception*, didn't quite get finished in time for the BBS.)

Unlike the rest of the SC50s, Erskine had the *Earl* built with half an eye toward the IOR rule. The engine is over the keel, which is deeper and farther forward than a stock 50. The taller rig is also forward, the transom is open and there are a lot of other small optimizations. The tricked-out boat, like *Mongoose*, was blatantly stiffer and faster upwind, particularly in a breeze. They suffered a bit in lighter air (such as the first race) and downwind, so unlike the rest of the class

they use a blooper for added horsepower.

Last year, when *Racy II* won, the nine-boat SC50 fleet was competing without handicaps. The *Earl* was banned because she's so quick. (Ironically, under the IOR rule, *Earl of Mar* gets time from all her sisterships, meaning the rule sees *Earl* as the slowest of the bunch) This year the SC50 owners got together with Bill Lee and came up with some arbitrary ratings to compensate for the different configurations. A modified 50 like *Earl* would give standard 50s like *Hana Ho* 11 seconds a mile, or about four minutes per race. Boats that had some, but not all, of the bells and whistles fell into one of two middle categories.

"I thought the rating system worked just fine," claimed *Hana Ho's* driver Jeff Madragali. "The racing was a lot closer than the results indicate. We lost the second race to the *Earl* by two seconds and would have lost another race to *Racy* by two seconds, but we had to throw them out for tacking too close instead." Owner Rolfe Croker, Madro and tactician Phil Bickford did have one bad race, a sixth in the third race, but won two races from the *Earl* and finished second overall.

Hana Ho, with its big stock keel and small pole set-up, had the edge on the fleet in the windy reaching conditions. According to Pat Vincent, bowman on *Racy II*, "Madrigali would set no matter what, and they'd take off at 100 miles an hour. They were totally aggressive. About three-fourths of the way down the reach, they'd drop and harden up with the jib to the mark, picking up on everyone. They did that on all three reaching legs of one race."

The fastest downwind 50 in the fleet,

Chuck Jacobsen's TransPac winner *Allure*, — with Monterey Bay Mercury sailor Dick Clark driving and Hank Easom calling tactics — came in third overall. They were at their best early in the week when the lighter air allowed the most effective use of their new thin elliptical keel and penalty pole.

Lu Taylor's *Racy II*, with Russ Williams driving and using their new elliptical keel rather than last year's bulb model tied with Ruben and Mark Vollmer's *Elusive* on points, but won on the tie-breaker to claim fourth. "We had a slower boat last year and all the breaks. This year that situation was reversed," said Williams, whose boat probably would have been third but for the DSQ.

The rest of the class, for various reasons, couldn't seem to find the pace. Jim Feuer-



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stein's *Tribute II*, with Danny Schiff, Norman Davant and Ray Delrich aboard, was expected to do better than sixth. They were followed by Stewart Kett's *Octavia*, which had Dave Hodges at the wheel. Ballena Bay YC's Richard Leute, who recently moved up from his Espirit 37 *Rosy Option* to the big-rigged *Acey Duecy*, came in eighth. He's on the steep part of the learning curve.

Keefe-Kilborne Perpetual

"We just went out and did what we had to do," said designer Bruce Nelson, who steered Fred Krehbiel's low-freeboard, stripped-down N/M 45 *Insatiable* to a first-place finish in the last windy race to claim this division over Don Hughes' R/P 43 *Quintessence* by 5.25 points.

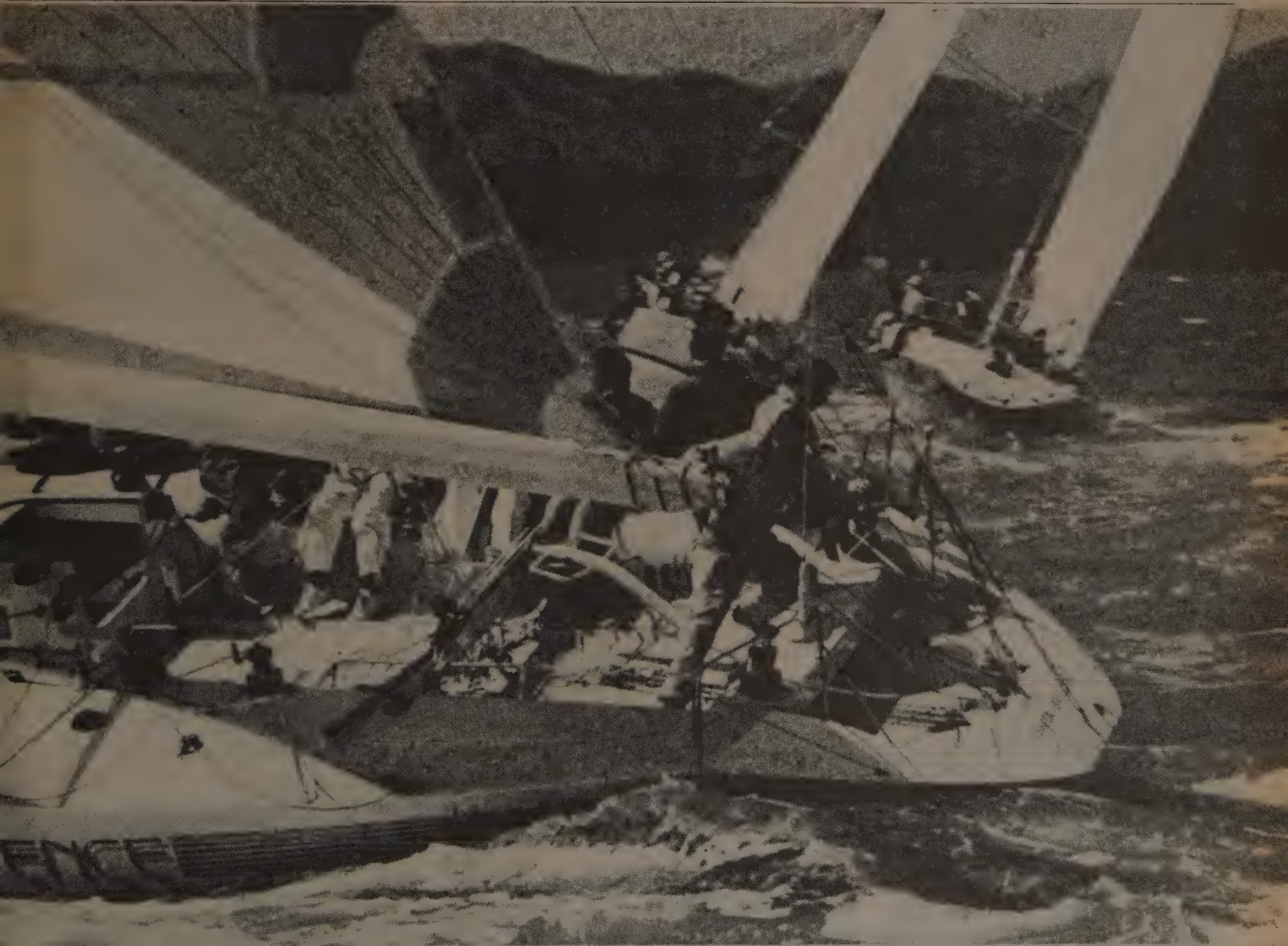
Going into the finale, *Insatiable* trailed the Santa Barbara giantkiller by two points. *Quintessence*, looking like a gigantic 505 with a reefed mainsail (they chopped a few feet off the main to pick up four-tenths of a foot of rating for the series) had a bad race, as driver Dave Ullman and tactician Steve Toschi tumbled to an eighth place finish while *Insatiable* sailed perfectly.

Insatiable, a year-old development of the successful N/M 50 *Infinity*, put together a fine 3-1-5-3-1 series. Owner Krehbiel had to leave for Chicago before the series was over, leaving his partners — Dean Tank and Tom Lee — and Bruce Nelson behind to fight it

Life is always tough on the little guys. 'Quintessence' continually had to tack away for clean air.

out with the lowest-rating boat in the class, *Quintessence*, as well as their Admiral's Cup team-mate, Randy Short's R/P 45 *Sidewinder*. These three boats — the only new ones in the class — seemed a cut above the competition (although *Camouflage*, with the benefit of old-age allowance, hung with them). They're also arguably the hottest trio of mid-30-rating IOR boats in the country today.

Sidewinder, fresh off a fourth place overall individual finish at the Admiral's Cup, won the first race — her first outing in her new hometown, which she will see only briefly before heading to the Southern Cross with *Jubilation*. In the second race, however, driver John Bertrand made contact with *Jano* at the start and was subsequently tossed. Remarkably, *Sidewinder* slithered back to third overall — only three-fourths of a point behind *Quintessence* — with a 2-1-2



1987 BIG BOAT SERIES:

performance.

Sidewinder, which would have gotten a fourth in the race they were chunked out of,



One of the crewmen performed delicate surgery on 'General Hospital's' injured mast.

could well have won the series. Instead, they had to console themselves with a nice comeback and the knowledge that they at least scored maximum style points for their clothing — apparently inspired by the movie *Pretty in Pink*. The *Sidewinder* crew wore distinctive hot pink Henri Lloyd foulies. *Quintessence*, with its Miami Vice pastel paint job and matching crew shirts, was the runner-up in the fashion category. We, for one, greatly appreciated the satorial excellence.

Finishing fourth overall was Al Shultz and Vicki Lawrence's Frers 45 *Camouflage*, which debuted at the BBS in '83 with three firsts and two seconds. In a breeze, there's a lot of life left in this five-year-old design, and driver Ed Lorence of Sobstad Sails knows how to get the most out of her. Use of the IOR old-age allowances in the BBS for the first time helped *Camouflage*, as well as the trio of five-year-old Frers 43s in this class. Five-year-old designs in particular seem to benefit from these allowances; they get a good rating break without being obsolete.

The three frontrunners — *Insatiable*, *Sidewinder* and *Camouflage* — generally rounded the top mark three or more



"You want to jibe when?" Good times on the Santa Cruz 50, 'Tribute II'.

boatlengths ahead. It was just enough to start stretching out on the pack behind them. Meanwhile, behind them boats were crashing and bumping into each other, throwing up red flags and sitting on each others' wind. Dave Ullman, on *Quintessence*, said, "we had no battle plan. As the small boat, more often than not, we had to react to what other boats did to us." In one race alone, *Quintessence* had to survive protests by *Equity*, *Deborah* and *Contractor*. Boats at the front of the fleet don't have that problem.

Robert Kahn's Frers 43 *Jano*, which had been in third place throughout the week, lost to *Camouflage* by a point in the final outing to claim fifth overall. *Jano* has consistently been the Frers 43 to beat in the last year or so, and Steve Grillon, who used to drive *Shockwave* when it won consistently, seems to be the key. The other Frers 43s — *Deborah* and *Shockwave* — ended up 8th and 10th respectively. *Shockwave* broke the spokes out of their seven-pound wheel in the second race and took a DNF.

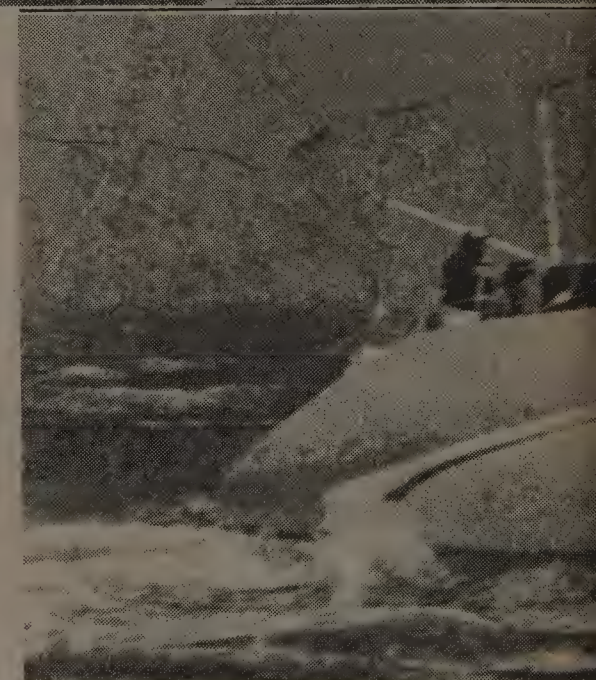
In the fourth race, the jibe mark at Mark 8 (below Alcatraz) proved to be the undoing of Jim Mizell's Smith 43 *High Risk* and John

Taylor's Frers 44 *Contractor* from Australia. Both boats were DSQ'ed in what Bob Smith of *High Risk* called "the hairiest mark rounding of the week."

Equity, Del Hogg's Farr 43 from New Zealand, didn't seem to be the same boat that was part of the winning Kiwi Kenwood Cup team last year, where she won Class C and took third overall. The boat has been for sale on the Bay for a year, and Hogg had hoped for a better showing than their 6th place finish. He certainly couldn't blame his crew — many of whom were Kiwis on their way home from winning the Admiral's Cup.

Richard Rheem Perpetual

While the action in this class wasn't quite as wild as last year, when 17 one tonners played bumper cars with each other, this was nevertheless the most hotly contested division in the series. The 13 boats in the class —



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all of which rated within seven-tenths of a foot — consisted mainly of well-sailed one tonners. They were joined by some older boats that by virtue of old-age allowance snuck down into this class — the Frers 41 *Bondi Tram*, Dan Donovan's Peterson 41 *Irrational* and John Whalen's N/M 41 *Stella Maris* (ex-Free *Enterprise*).

John McLaurin's fire engine red Davidson one tonner *Pendragon III* put together a consistent 1-1-2-1-3 series to take this class. *Pendragon* also won this division two years ago, but finished eighth last year after breaking their headstay in two races. In the intervening year, McLaurin, a Los Angeles developer, and Kimo Worthington have put a new keel and rudder on the boat, recut the sails about six times, done the bottom with 1,200-grit paper and polish, and have really gone over the boat. Their preparation paid off this summer when they came in third at

the One Ton NA's in Chicago.

Worthington, who maintains *Pendragon* and McLaurin's MORC boat *Stardancer* in addition to driving them in the regattas, got off to a shaky start in the series when he hit the starting buoy and had to reround it. But the former mainsheet trimmer on the 12 meter *Eagle* clawed back into the race, pulling off a come-from-behind victory over *Bondi Tram*.

Pendragon won the next day, too, despite almost blowing a four-minute lead when their spinnaker pole broke at the top of the last long downwind leg. The crew, which included tactician Don Trask, boat speed expert Hartwell Jordan and well-known Kiwi sailor Graham Handley on the bow, jury-rigged a replacement and *Pendragon* went

on to win the race and the series.

She was pushed hard throughout by the sleeper of the class, Arthur Morganstern's Farr 40 *Pacific Sundance*, which finished a mere 2.25 points back. The four-year-old Farr design had totally dominated the '83 Southern Cross series when it was new and also won its class in the '84 Clipper Cup. Since then *Sundance* has been through several owners who campaigned the boat with less than stellar results.

Morganstern picked it up for a good price through a bank repo deal, and proceeded to resurrect the Farr 40 from its neglected state. With North sailmaker Billy Peterson driving, Bruce Gollison calling the shots, and with a bit of old-age allowance helping things out, the boat won the two races that *Pendragon* left on the table. *Sundance*, average in light winds, proved untouchable in heavy air, really finding its element on the last day.

The last race was a demolition derby for this class. After being delayed by the only general recall of the series, the division took

Wild times at Mark No. 4. The big photo is the third in the sequence.



1987 BIG BOAT SERIES

off in winds that built into the upper 20s and gusted higher. Coyote, Irv Loube's seasoned Beneteau one tonner with hired gun John Koliou on the helm, romped to a second-place finish, their best race of the series, and a subsequent third overall. The other Bay Area one tonners, Lee Otterson's R/P 40 Skedaddle and Rod Parks' Beneteau-designed Jazz, finished up second and sixth overall respectively.

Driven by owner/driver Peter Stocker and aided by tactician Scott Easom, *Bondi Tram* ended up fifth overall despite problems that included losing their propeller. That midfleet finish also meant that Stocker had to pick up the tab at Mulhern's for dinner and drinks for 60 — the crews of *Bondi Tram*, *Blade Runner* and *Sidewinder* — as the result of losing a friendly wager between the owners.

The Bay was particularly brutal on out-of-townners during the last race. *Spitfire*, the new and apparently tender G&S one tonner from the Great Lakes, broke its boom as it smacked hard into *Allegiance* at the jibe mark. Later, *Allegiance* withdrew anyway with a broken jumper strut. *Aquila*, Ben Dembart's Davidson 40 from Seattle, withdrew with what appeared to be halyard problems. *White Knight* tweaked its rig again. And so it went.

The final bit of carnage took place virtually in front of the club house, as the Farr 40 *General Hospital*, which had trekked over from Hawaii for the series, was dismasted with only a few hundred yards to go. The four-year-old mast suffered a compression failure, breaking in three places. "We were one tack away from finishing the series. We've been unlucky here the last two times, but this is getting ridiculous," moaned a G.H. crewmember.

Action in the one ton arena should heat up with the '88 One Ton Worlds coming to San Francisco Bay next summer. Irv Loube of Coyote has ordered a new Farr 40 that is similar to the boats that won the Admiral's Cup and the One Ton Worlds. John McLaurin will be getting a new Davidson one tonner, which will be the fourth *Pendragon* from the New Zealand designer (previous designs were a 3/4 tonner, a 45-footer and his current one ton).

Speaking of next year, although Big Boat Series '87 was a blast, it's not too early to look forward to next year. Just think, there are only 50 weeks (350 shopping days for the owners) until the next one!

Mark your calendars now for next year's silver anniversary of the Big Boat Series. The

1987 Big Boat Series Results

Place	Yacht	Design	Owner/Skipper	Yacht Club	Points
St. Francis Perpetual Trophy Series					
1.	<i>Mongoose</i>	SC 70	P. Simonsen/T. Blackaller	St. Francis	1-1-1-1-1 = 3½
2.	<i>Citius</i>	SC 70	B. Wilson/T. Akin	San Francisco	3-4-3-2-2 = 14
3.	<i>Hotel California</i>	SC 70	J. Wintersteen/J. Halterman	California	5-2-2-3-3 = 15
4.	<i>Pyewacket</i>	N/M 68	Roy Disney	Los Angeles	4-3-5-4-4 = 20
5.	<i>Pandemonium</i>	N/M 68	D. McCallum/C. Corlett	Richmond	2-5-4-5-5 = 21
City of San Francisco Perpetual Trophy Series					
1.	<i>Earl of Mar</i>	SC 50	K. Erskine/H. Kilpatrick	Monterey Pen.	3-1-1-2-1 = 7½
2.	<i>Hana Ho</i>	SC 50	R. Croker/J. Madrigall	San Francisco	1-2-6-1-3 = 12½
3.	<i>Allure</i>	SC 50	D. Clark/C. Jacobson	St. Francis	2-4-3-5-6 = 20
4.	<i>Racy II</i>	SC 50	L. Taylor/R. Williams	St. Francis	5-5-2-DSQ-2 = 23
5.	<i>Elusive</i>	SC 50	M. Vollmer/R. Vollmer	King Harbor	4-7-4-4-4 = 23
6.	<i>Tribute II</i>	SC 50	D. Schliff/J. Feurstein	Del Rey	7-3-5-6-5 = 26
7.	<i>Octavia</i>	SC 50	D. Hodges/S. Kett	St. Francis	6-6-7-3-7 = 29
8.	<i>Acey Deucey</i>	SC 50	Richard Leute	Ballena Bay	8-8-RET-7-8 = 40
Atlantic Perpetual Trophy Series					
1.	<i>Jubilation</i>	Frers 54	J. James/P. Cayard	Santa Barbara	1-1-1-2-1 = 5½
2.	<i>Blade Runner</i>	R/P 47	Bill Twist	St. Francis	3-3-4-1-3 = 13½
3.	<i>Locura</i>	Frers 54	Vadial/Sier/deGuardiola	Corral Reef	5-2-5-3-2 = 17
4.	<i>Carat VI</i>	Frers 50	L. Leonard/Wictor Forss	Royal Swedish	6-4-3-4-5 = 22
5.	<i>Fullmo</i>	Frers 50	J. Slatery/J. Schostak	Bayview	2-5-2-DNF-DNS = 25
6.	<i>Tomahawk</i>	Frers 51	J. Arens/H. Thayer	Balboa	4-6-6-5-4 = 25
7.	<i>Swiftsure</i>	Frers 58	S. Kleinman/M. Rettle	St. Francis	7-7-RET-6-6 = 34
Keefe Kilborn Perpetual Trophy Series					
1.	<i>Insatiable</i>	N/M 45	F. Krehbiel/Tank Jr/Nelson	Chicago	3-1-5-3-1 = 12½
2.	<i>Quintessence</i>	R/P 43	D. Hughes/D. Ullman	Santa Barbara	2-3-1-4-8 = 17½
3.	<i>Sidewinder</i>	R/P 45	R. Short/J. Bertrand	St. Francis	1-DSQ-2-1-2 = 18½
4.	<i>Oemoullage</i>	Frers 45	A. Shultz/E. Lorence	Belmont Shore	6-4-4-5-3 = 22
5.	<i>Jano</i>	Frers 43	J. Kahn/R. Kahn/S. Grillon	California	5-2-3-9-4 = 23
6.	<i>Equity</i>	Farr 43	D. Hogg/P. Lester	R.Port Nicholson	9-8-8-2-6 = 31
7.	<i>Persephone</i>	R/P 42	J. Woodhull/B. Mitchell	California	10-8-6-10-7 = 41
8.	<i>Deborah</i>	Frers 43	R. Moore/D. Rastello	Balboa	7-9-10-6-9 = 41
9.	<i>Lobo</i>	R/P 42	R. Livingston/R. Haines	St. Francis	8-10-7-7-11 = 43
10.	<i>Shockwave</i>	Frers 43	Richard Cavalli	Santa Monica	11-DNF-9-8-5 = 46
11.	<i>High Risk</i>	Smith 43	J. Mizell/J. Coggan	St. Francis	4-7-11-DSQ-DNF = 48
12.	<i>Contractor</i>	Frers 44	John Taylor	Royal Brighton	12-5-12-DSQ-10 = 52
Richard Rheem Perpetual Trophy Series					
1.	<i>Pendragon III</i>	Davidson 40	John MacLaurin	St. Francis	1-1-2-1-3 = 2½
2.	<i>Pacific Sundance</i>	Farr 40	Arthur Morgenstern	South Bay	3-2-1-3-1 = 10
3.	<i>Coyote</i>	Beneteau 40	Irving Loube	St. Francis	6-3-3-4-2 = 18
4.	<i>Skedaddle</i>	R/P 40	L. Otterson/R. Pingree	San Francisco	5-7-7-2-4 = 25
5.	<i>Bondi Tram</i>	Frers 41	Peter Stocker	St. Francis	2-5-6-7-5 = 25
6.	<i>Jazz</i>	Beneteau 40	Roderic Park	Richmond	4-4-4-8-7 = 33½
7.	<i>Allegiance</i>	Andrews 39	Davis/Koch/Schofield/Wotten	Richmond	7-9-8-6-DNF = 45
8.	<i>General Hospital</i>	Farr 40	Thomas Walinski	Waikiki	11-6-4-10-DNF = 46½
9.	<i>White Knight</i>	Farr 40	Phillip Friedman	Del Rey	9-8-DNF-9-7 = 48
10.	<i>Spitfire</i>	G&S 40	H. Kwech/E. Wachs		8-10-9-11-DNF = 53
11.	<i>Liquid Sky</i>	J/40	W.R. Brockhoff	Santa Cruz	10-13-11-12-9 = 55
12.	<i>Irrational</i>	Peterson 41	D. Donovan/G. Boyden	Santa Cruz	14-11-12-13-8 = 58
13.	<i>Aquila</i>	Davidson 40	Ben Dembart	Corinth/Seattle	12-DNF-10-8-DNF = 60

25th running of this sailing and social extravaganza will take place September 18-24, 1988.

Between seven and ten of the "real" maxis — IOR jobs like *Boomerang* and *Kialoa* — are expected as the BBS coincides with their '88 world tour. The Kenwood Cup, which will be held July 30-August 13, should also contribute some foreign talent to the series. And the One Ton Worlds will end two days before the Big Boat Series begins. Hopefully.

most of these fragile craft will still be relatively intact and their crews will have enough energy left for one more week of sailing.

If this year's series was so great, we're sure next year, being something of a milestone for the Big Boat Series, will be even better. It occurs to us that someone really should shoot a "Pacific Passion" type video of the Big Boat Series' 25th birthday.

Maybe we'll even get around to it ourselves. We've already got the soundtrack picked out — "Too Much Fun".

— rob moore

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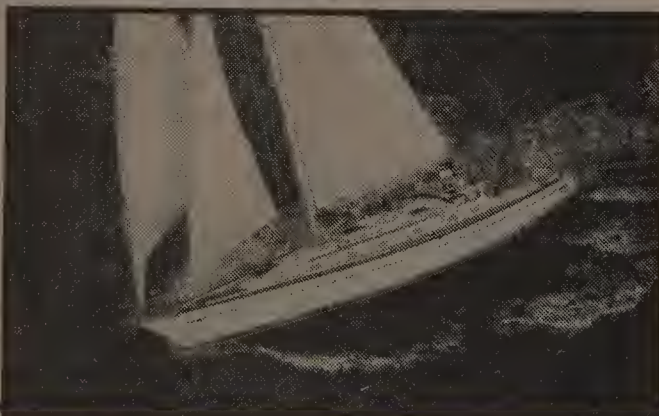
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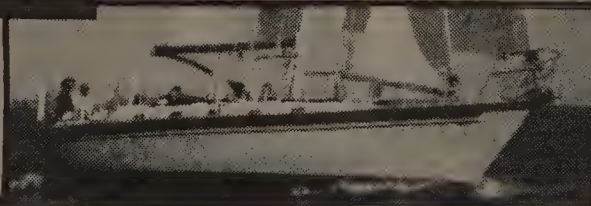


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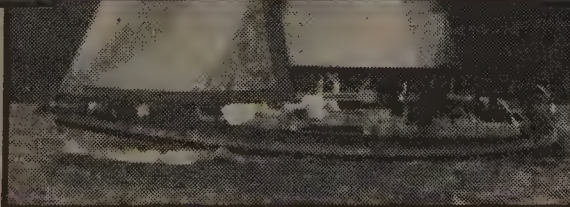
TAYANA 52'

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CRUISING INDONESIA

ALL PHOTOS COURTESY NALU IV

Cruising in less familiar Third World cruising grounds offers new challenges as well as delightful experiences. Sailing to Ambon, Indonesia as part of 33-boat mostly Australian racing fleet was comfortable and easy. Officials were prepared to deal with

century. But by this time they were a series of weak, divided states; easy pickings for the Europeans that started arriving. Pioneering

General Suharto. Since that time Indonesia has moved closer to the West and prospered dramatically. Southern California residents may remember former Governor Jerry Brown's ambitious plan for a LNG terminal at Point Conception; the natural gas was to come from Indonesia.

While not heard from often, there are nearly 160 million Indonesians. While much of the country is still relatively primitive, there are extremely popular tourist centers overflowing with Japanese, Australians and Europeans. There are few visitors by boat, however. The reasons are varied.

Like many Third World countries, Indonesia has little experience with private yachts and doesn't quite know how to handle them. Then too, yachties have the reputation — deserved or not — for smuggling drugs. Drugs are of extreme concern in this part of the world because they contribute to already adequate social problems. If caught with even pot, the penalties are severe. You'll certainly lose your boat. Recently two Aussies in Indonesia were given life sentences for pot; that's better than the two Aussies who were executed in Thailand, but not by much.

The third reason yachts don't get the welcome mat is that this isn't the most politically stable area of the world and the government is security conscious. In fact, a 'cruising permit' is really a security clearance.

An Aussie crewmember, Mark Callanan, gives his best Komodo imitation.



'Nalu IV' graffiti.

our requests and accept our different patterns of behavior. But soon it would change.

For those of you back in California who may not be so familiar with the other side of the world, the Republic of Indonesia is a string of more than 3,000 islands stretching along the equator from the Malaysian mainland to New Guinea. Some of the primary islands are probably vaguely familiar to you: Java, Sumatra, Bali, and Timor (where Bligh sailed in the longboat after the *Bounty* mutiny). The capital is Djakarta. Back when it was known as Batavia, Captain

by the Dutch East India Company paved the way for the Netherlands to take control back in 1799. It was the beginning of exporting the area's resources, which were and remain among the most abundant in the world: spices, bauxite, LNG, oil, tin, rubber, hardwoods, etc. Indonesia also has extremely fertile soil and plenty of rainfall to support agriculture.

It was just after World War II that na-



Cook, who had made such headway against scurvy, lost most of his crew when attacked by the disease-ridden mosquitos from the city's many canals.

The region came under a series of Buddhist and Hindu kingdoms between the 7th and 13th centuries, and Islam in the 16th

century. But by this time they were a series of weak, divided states; easy pickings for the Europeans that started arriving. Pioneering

As mentioned in our previous article, such permits are hard to get unless you're Dutch or enter the Darwin to Ambon Race.

Having completed the Ambon Race, we sailed to the northeastern corner of Flores

Island, in the opposite direction of most of the very few cruising boats that visit this region. We anchored in a tiny cove at Cape Sada near the fishing village of Dondo. We had no contact with locals, and although the fishermen passed nearby, no one seemed interested in peddling food or souvenirs. Left



A classic Indonesian proa, note the low-aspect fractional rig.

to enjoy our solitude, we found this tiny cove to be the most spectacular place we had ever snorkeled.

Huge coral heads rose from bottom depths of 20 to 40 feet. On the tops of these huge living floral displays were hundreds of tiny fish and many more kinds of coral. In the clear water between the coral heads, sunlight penetrated the crevices and spot-

Indonesia, it's a shame cruising permits are so difficult to obtain.

anything but the purest glass. Nothing, not even the ubiquitous plastic bag marred our own aquarium.

With water temperatures in the 80's and 90's, and the air temperature in the 90's and sometimes 100's, we frequently developed the urge to take a swim. Fortunately, the water is relatively free of the hazards so common to Australia's Great Barrier Reef: sharks, deadly sea wasps and crocodiles. How could we stand the heat? Your body adjusts to it rather easily. The big danger is air-conditioning. Either you never go outside or the rapid changes back and forth are very hard on your system.

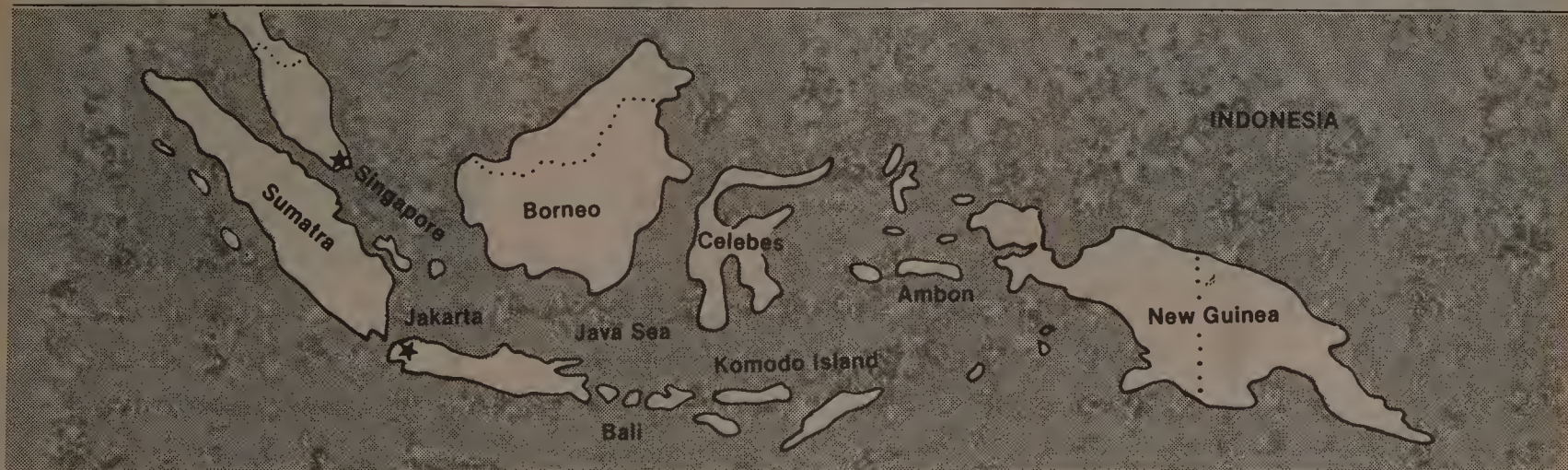
From Flores Island we sailed to Komodo Island. This dry, nearly barren island is the home of the huge monitor lizard known as the Komodo Dragon. A national park complete with tourist camp — cabins on stilts — provides guides to take you to see these 10-ft, 350-lb monsters. In addition to a guide carrying a huge machete and forked lance, you share the purchase of a young goat. The animal is led to the dragon pit, slaughtered on the site, and fed to the dragons. The whole visit — including guides, goat, and anchorage fee — is about \$4.00. Although the slaughter of a goat might not appeal to all, it wasn't much different than watching the lions being fed at the local zoo.

Our next stop was the legendary island of Bali, which is noted for its ritualistic forms of music, folk drama, dancing and architecture. Less well-known is the fact that it's densely populated. Unlike Ambon, which has no



'Nalu IV', the Jessie's wood Lapworth 48.

Arriving in our second official port we were faced with the prospect of clearing — once again — Customs, Quarantine, Immigration, the Harbormaster, and the Navy. This process took an entire day as each office had to be visited and signatures and stamps affixed to our permit. The skipper carries his own stamp and affixes it in front of the officials as well. Then the Customs officers



lighted brilliant red, green, purple, orange, blue and yellow fish. Occasionally something grey and ominous would slip by; a lazy ray flapping through the underwater garden. The water was so clear, that except for reflections and occasional distortions you weren't conscious of looking through

Westerners at all, Bali is packed with tourists from Australia, Japan, and Europe. It seemed weird by comparison. The international airport is close to the small harbor at Benoa, so you're doubly aware of the volume of tourist traffic in and out of this resort.

come out to the boat to examine lockers, seal weapons, and look for 'dirty' magazines. At this juncture we found it useful to instruct the officials to remove their shoes. In order to maintain some status, it's wise to establish some rules for your domain.

After the paperwork, we were free to ex-

CRUISING INDONESIA

plore this tiny harbor. The tide range at the full moon was 10 feet and we found the action similar to the 'La Paz Waltz'. At one point we had hung all our cushions and fenders off the port side to protect our boat from an unattended yacht. When we arrived there were only eight yachts in the harbor but the count rose to eighteen in a few days.

Essential to getting established is being greeted and accepted by the Benoa Yacht Service. Wayan and Made, brothers, run this service like Hector does in La Paz. They greet you when you arrive, and provide fuel, ice, propane and laundry service. They will also assist in getting other tasks performed. Unfortunately, they had a falling out with the man controlling the water on shore, so you are left to arrange your own water with a very 'hip' guy named Pepe. At hightide it is possible to bring your dinghy in close enough to shore to run the water hose to jugs in your dinghy. Pepe will loan containers for filling. The fee for water was about

There is no regular transportation service from the harbor into the nearby towns, so it is necessary to negotiate with the local *bemo* (truck) driver. The rule of thumb for bargaining is to start at 30 percent of the first offer and hopefully not pay more than 50 percent. This seems to be true of everything from *bemo* rides to provisioning.

Kuta is a beach resort town where anything goes in terms of behavior, dress, or morals. At night you can buy anything or anyone. The influx of money-laden Australians, Europeans, and now Japanese has hardened the locals, so it's impossible to get a sense of what the undisturbed culture might be like. Kuta is good for buying cassettes for \$1.50 and to provision from a good supermarket. Otherwise "give it a miss".



Diane Green Jessie, cruising through the Third World.

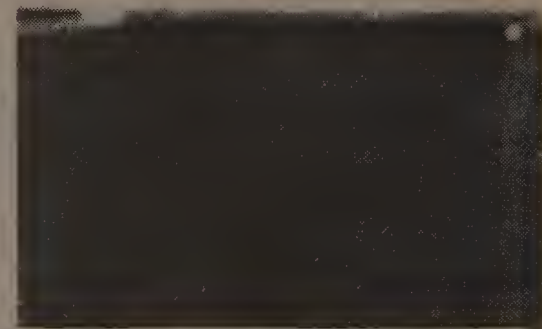
Denpasar is the main city on Bali and teems with action. As a result, a day in Denpasar is like a whole month in Australia. This city of 2.5 million has narrow streets and thousands of motorbikes, vendors and stalls. The people all shout: "Hey, Meester".

Leaving Benoa and this metropolitan area of Bali was almost more difficult than getting in. It took two days to do all of the paperwork necessary to clear, owing to some clerical error early on. We did not, as some had told us, have to bribe officials. But we spent lots of energy controlling tempers. In-



cidentally, we carry a shotgun and a handgun. Officials had us keep this in a locker that was then sealed with a paper. They said the seal would be periodically checked, but it wasn't.

An afternoon sail northward up the straits from Benoa took us to the northern and nearly unpopulated side of Bali. We had hoped to find a quiet lee for snorkeling and swimming, but the breeze didn't cooperate,



Pirates or divers? While looking like the former, it turned out to be the latter.

so we anchored on the windward side off a tiny resort called Kalibukbuk. When we went ashore to a tiny hotel in the Zodiac, we were immediately the object of all the vendors and the locals. The vendors tried to sell us pineapples, coconuts and sarongs while the locals poked and pushed our inflatable dinghy. We arranged for freshwater showers and cold beer, then returned to the boat for a little peace and quiet.

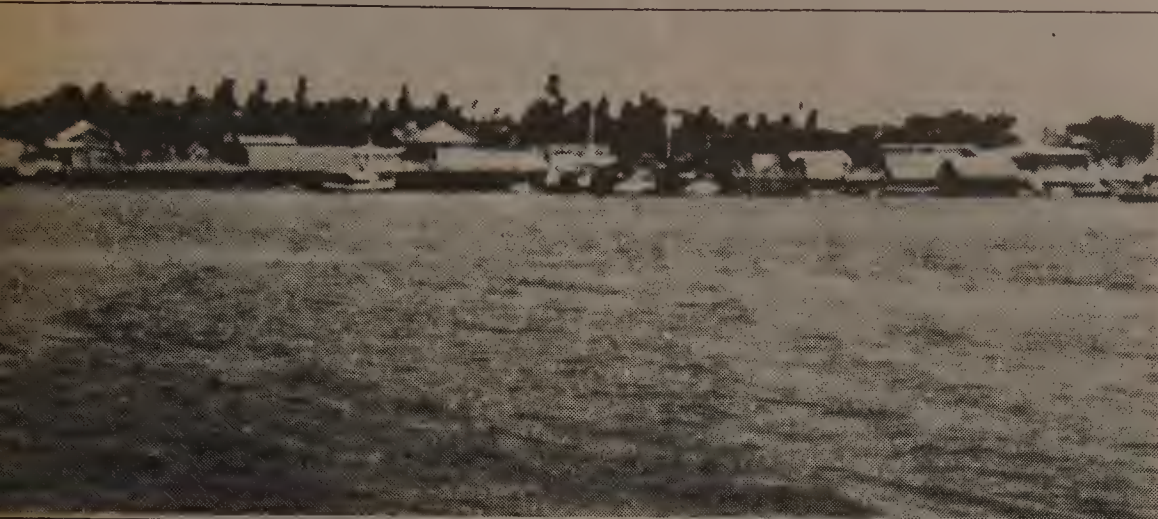


Rahmud's house at Petamegon Bay. One of the nicer houses in the area, it has upholstered furniture and a television set.

2.5 cents a gallon. The water is supposed to be pure, however we chose to treat it with chlorine. And we still use bottled water for ice cubes and drinking.

Naturally you can't expect to find any boat supplies in Indonesia. We were amazed, however, to learn that the head of the Indonesian Yachting Federation was familiar with *Latitude* — as had been sailors throughout Australia.

ABOARD NALU IV



In Benoa Harbor on Bali.

We sailed another 30 miles up the coast to a tiny bay called Petamegon. Our anchor was barely down when a young fisherman paddled out to invite us ashore. Since it was getting late we agreed to come ashore in the morning. At 0700 Rahmud was ready for us to come ashore and meet the village. The majority of the people make their living catching tons of tiny whitebait. However, the most successful man in the village only catches small, exotic fish, which he sells to exporters for the aquarium market. He makes between ten and thirty cents per fish; they are sold for many times those prices in the United States. His home is furnished with television and upholstered furniture, and his family is well-dressed.

North of Bali is the island of Madura and then west is the main island of Java. Rather than try to negotiate the Straits of Surabaya and deal with the bureaucracy of the big city, we opted for an end run to take us out into the Java Sea and the tiny island group of Karimum Jawa. The large island of this group has a population of about 7,000. Among them, as we unfortunately discovered, a whole boatload of officials waiting for unsuspecting travelers such as we.

We'd found a quiet anchorage among the reefs about three miles from the village. The hook was down and breakfast just started when an ancient powerboat pulled alongside. There were about a dozen men in a variety of uniforms. As they began to make themselves fast to *Nalu*, we stood at the rail to control boarding. Ultimately, only a Navy police contingent and local police came aboard. After shoe removal they came below and randomly began trying to open drawers and lockers. Being unfamiliar with boat drawers, it proved rather comical.

They insisted on tasting the substances in the Tupperware cannisters: flour, sugar, coffee, beans, pasta. Then they went through the magazines looking for pornography. A non-uniformed, English-speaking Indonesian wanted my *New Woman* magazine. I



grabbed it back from him saying, "It's not a dirty book!" A young man, dressed in spotless white, appeared to be the local translator. He nodded and apologized. The fact that a mere woman had given them a bad time in a Moslem country was a surprise.

Having identified everything and everybody the group left with big smiles and invitations to please visit the village. After breakfast and a morning snorkel a group of outriggers came alongside with young men dressed in masks. They were screaming and waving paddles as they drew up. Then without warning they were climbing aboard the boat. I thought they were pirates. We immediately started waving our arms and shouted "No". After a moment's confusion they returned to their canoes. They then proceeded to show us their catch.

These were divers who wore street clothes and something like a ski mask for protection

from the sun and reef. Their wild and noisy arrival, although it seemed threatening, turned out to be just boisterousness. The canoes contained sea cucumbers, turtles, and other reef animals. One diver took an enormous sea cucumber and hung it from the front of his pants, much to the amusement of everyone. After pictures and more laughs they paddled away, whooping and hollering as they had on their arrival.

From what we can tell, there are very few pirate incidents in the area. Indonesian officials allowed us to keep our guns in a sealed locker.

Venturing ashore that afternoon, we became the main attraction. As the officials from our morning encounter joined us as guides, we wandered through the village admiring the houses, people and gardens. The children swarmed around us pushing and shoving to be close. Occasionally they

Komodo dragons such as these grow to 10-feet in length and 300 pounds.

touched our skin out of curiosity. When we stopped to ask questions they imitated our conversation.

We attempted to buy bread in the tiny stores but the closest thing they had were sweet cookies similar to Arrowroot Biscuits. Heat or not we'd have to continue baking aboard. The stores — three of them — did have an interesting assortment of things from batteries to baby powder and candy to canned food. Although this was an out-of-the-way place, the shopkeeper did not hesitate to try to up the prices. She seemed pleased when we said "too much" and made a lower offer.

In Indonesia we ate pretty much the

NALU IV IN INDONESIA

same way we eat in California. The longer we're out here the less we understand the big to-do people make about provisioning their boats before they leave. You can find beef, chicken and fish almost everywhere in Indonesia, although not of the same style or quality. The thing you can't find in markets is turkey, although you see them running all over the place. The locals eat a lot of noodles and vegetables with bits of fish. When you do eat out, it's cheap; maybe even cheaper than the out-of-the-way places in Mexico. A steak dinner for two, with wine or beer, might total six dollars.

After tedious conversation we discovered that the local officials patrol all of the coastal waters to Java, and that we were only the second "tourist" boat in the last year to visit Karimun Jawa.

Charts for cruising Indonesian waters are available but there is a drawback. The old charts are Dutch and the new ones are Indonesian. There are also some Admiralty charts. Unfortunately, the names of towns, bays, etc., vary greatly and the charts aren't kept up to date. The *Coastal Pilot* uses mostly Indonesian names and includes a glossary of terms. However the guide books don't necessarily use the same names, so it is hard to know where you are — even when you get there.

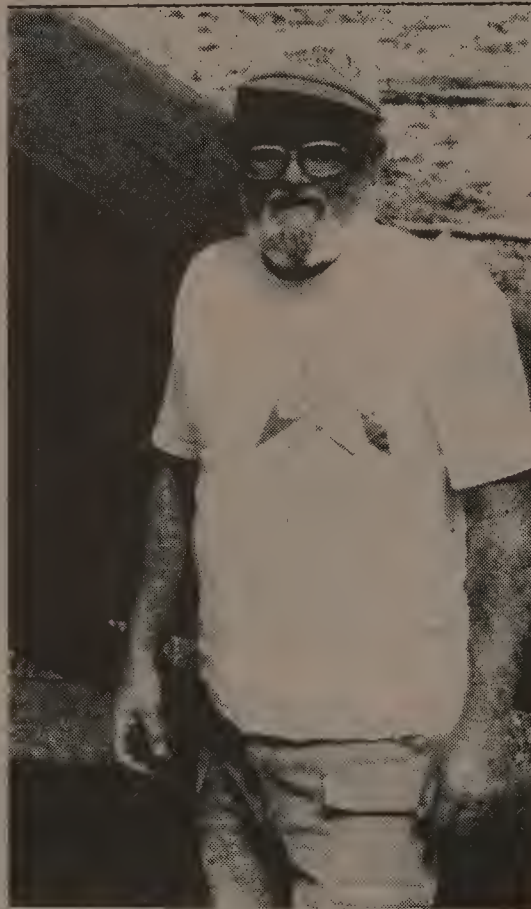
In addition to dealing with the chart confusion there are a number of things which aren't noted on charts. Fish traps are semi-permanent, barge-like structures of bamboo. At night the owner will paddle out to the trap, light it with lanterns, and spend the night fishing. Lighted, no problem. However, on many nights the fish trap is not used and it lies in wait for the unsuspecting yachties. Running into bamboo is basically messy but not particularly dangerous.

More modern fish traps now use some concrete, which is not so forgiving. Navigating the fish trap areas requires good nighttime vision, light-gathering binoculars and lots of luck. The same situation exists with drilling rigs and related structures. Fortunately, these latter structures are usually well-lit. Only the abandoned pumpers are cause for concern.

The third hazard is a dinosaur: floating mines left from World War II. The charts indicate areas where mines are still encountered, but that's just enough information to give you ulcers. Again, it means keeping a good watch, trying not to transit the areas at night, or sailing during the full moon. According to all information, they won't explode, but we'd rather not be the ones to confirm it. And even if they don't ex-

plode, a collision with one could seriously damage a hull.

Because there are no cruising guides, this is not like cruising Mexico or the Caribbean where you know the good places to anchor for the night. We used a combination of the charts and *Pilot* to decide what looked as



'Nalu's' captain, Jim Jessie, is a veteran ocean racer with many TransPac's to his credit.

though it might be a good place to stay. Sometimes they were, sometimes they weren't.

You do have some things going for you when cruising Indonesia. The water is shallow; rarely over 150 feet and often just 50 feet. So if worse comes to worse, you just get in the lee of some land, let out a hook or two with plenty of rode, and crash out for the night. It's also fortunate that this is a volcanic region, which means there are few offshore rocks or reefs to snatch your boat.

We're still really too stunned to talk about the time we almost lost our boat on a reef in Australia. We were on our way from Cairns to Darwin when we hit a reef on the channel

into Cooktown. We hit it hard, as in eight knots. We hit it a second time and then bounced free. The impact broke some floors and stringers, and scared us shitless. Although we couldn't run the engine without heating up the drive shaft, we made it to Darwin where we undertook major repairs. We'll be doing another haul-out in Cyprus to make sure everything is alright.

We were no more than 40 feet outside of a marked channel when we hit. It was night, some of the channel lights were obscured and we'd been lulled into believing that well-lighted trawlers only anchor in channels. The trawler we saw was anchored *behind* the reef. But as I said, you don't have many reefs in Indonesia.

Our final port of call in Indonesia was the capital city, Djakarta. It has Los Angeles-style sprawl and Mexico City traffic. It's either hot and dusty or hot and muddy. Most of the canals that spawned the mosquitos that killed Cook's men are gone.

Djakarta is a mix of old Dutch and tasteless new highrises. All services, provisions, and experiences are available. After just a few weeks we spoke enough Indonesian — a delightfully easy language — to haggle and travel fairly easily. The frustration for us was the size of the city; it took forever to get anywhere. There is a marina but we could not get in because of our deep draft. We anchored in 15 feet outside and found it quite comfortable.

We were told to be careful about theft; both pickpockets and on the water. We had no problems, but we never left the boat without at least one person aboard. And we never carried money or bags that could be ripped off. Forewarned is forearmed.

Of all of our stops, Djakarta was the easiest in terms of red tape. The only new item was deratification certification. That is not getting rid of the local union, but proving you don't have the nasty rodent aboard. In our case the skipper brought the inspector to the marina, who couldn't get out to the boat except by swimming. He refused, and in fine fashion was convinced a 48-ft yacht didn't have room for five crew, cargo *and* rats. Another example of outstanding b.s.

We did promise to tell most people that they would hate Indonesia so that cruisers would stay away. It is better than anything we've encountered in the entire Pacific. It just went further to reinforce our feeling that we've only done one thing wrong: waited so long to start this cruise.

— diana green jessie

THE TRADITIONAL CHANDLERY

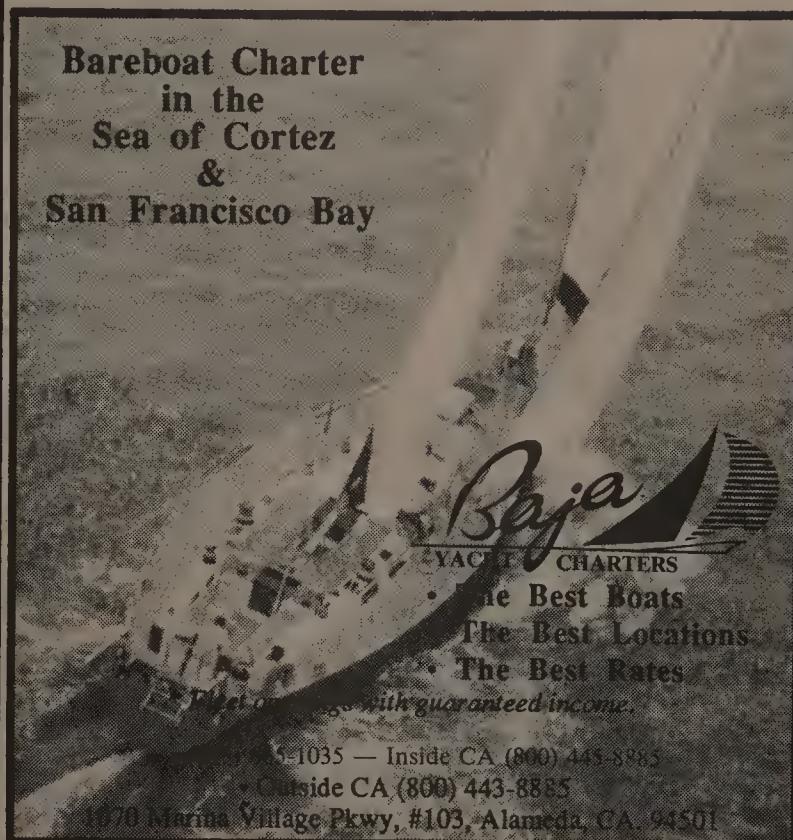
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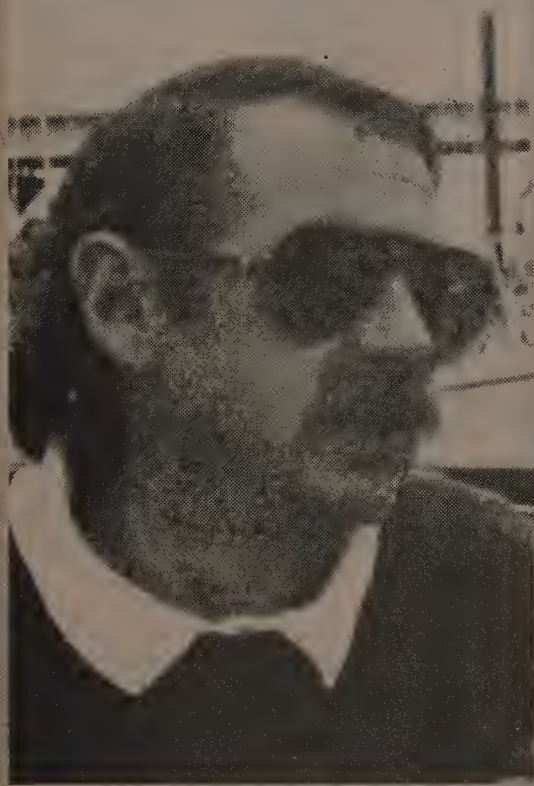
*A boat is a terrible thing
to waste!*

NEWPORT BEACH

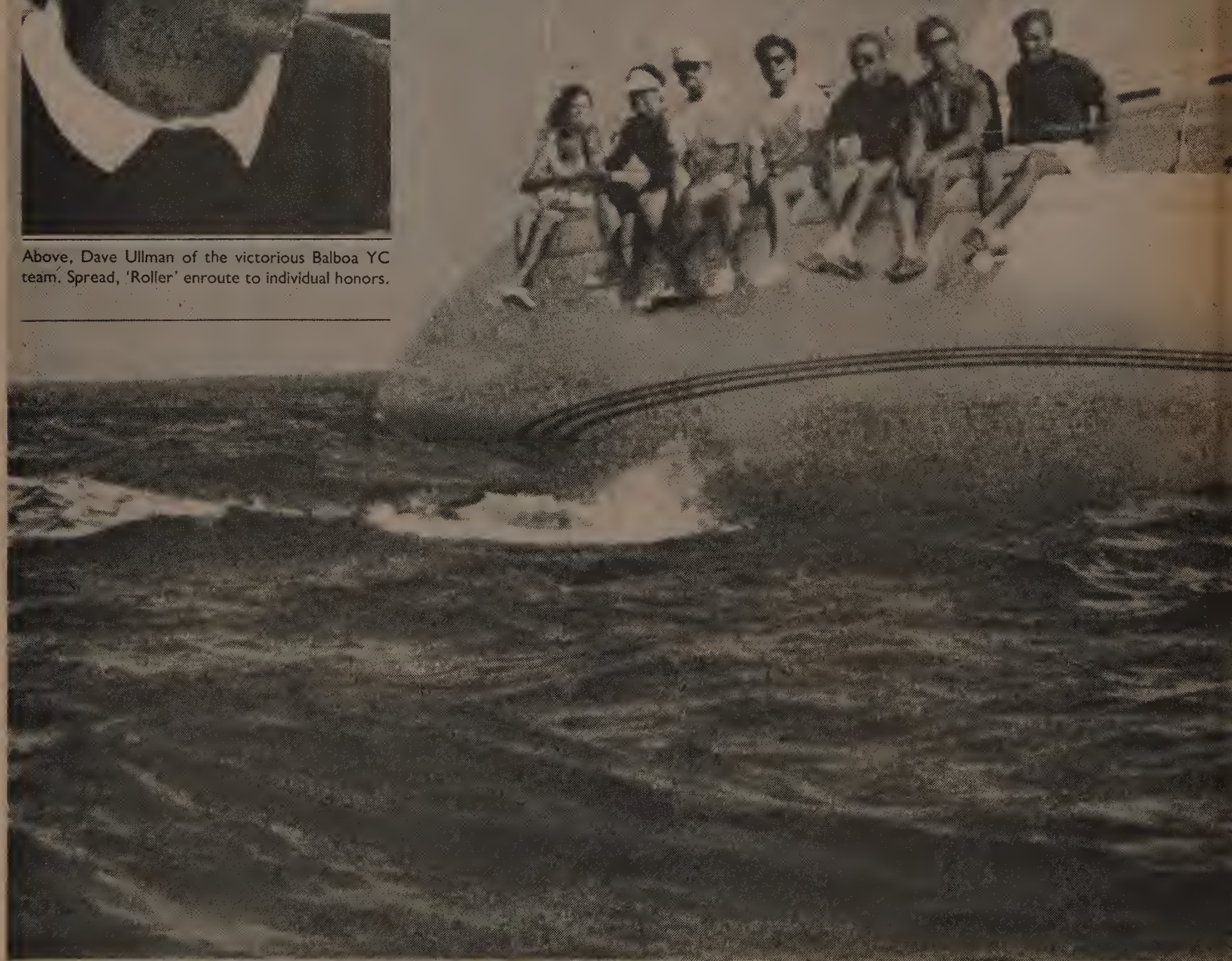
Emily Post and Miss Manners agree that it's in bad taste to win the door prize at your own party. Apparently, the members of Balboa YC don't read etiquette books on how to entertain guests graciously. For not only did they put up the trophies and run the

races for the first-ever Commodores' Cup, they callously pounded the seven other Orange County yachts clubs they invited.

The Commodores' Cup — a relatively low-key interclub PHRF event — was the brainchild of Balboa YC member John Fradkin, who acted as regatta chairman and helped draw up the deed of gift for the event. "It's a race format we copied from the Ventura Cup," admits Fradkin, "It's a fun way to race, and we thought it was time to try it in Newport".



Above, Dave Ullman of the victorious Balboa YC team. Spread, 'Roller' enroute to individual honors.



COMMODORES' CUP



NEWPORT BEACH

The three-race regatta was held the last weekend in August and worked like this: each of the eight invited yacht clubs sent five boats between 24 and 45 feet whose aggregate PHRF rating was 475 or higher. At least three crewmembers on the boat, including the driver, had to belong to the yacht club they were racing for. All forty boats started together, which obviously puts little boats at a disadvantage, so the PH ratings were adjusted to give three seconds a mile back to boats in the 90-120 rating band, six seconds to the 121-150 band, and 9 seconds for 151 and above. Even so, teams that didn't rate near or at the 475 minimum suffered despite the adjusted handicap times. Newport Beach sailmaker Harry Patison claimed "little boats could easily lose a minute or two on the first beat. You needed an oxygen mask coming off that starting line!"

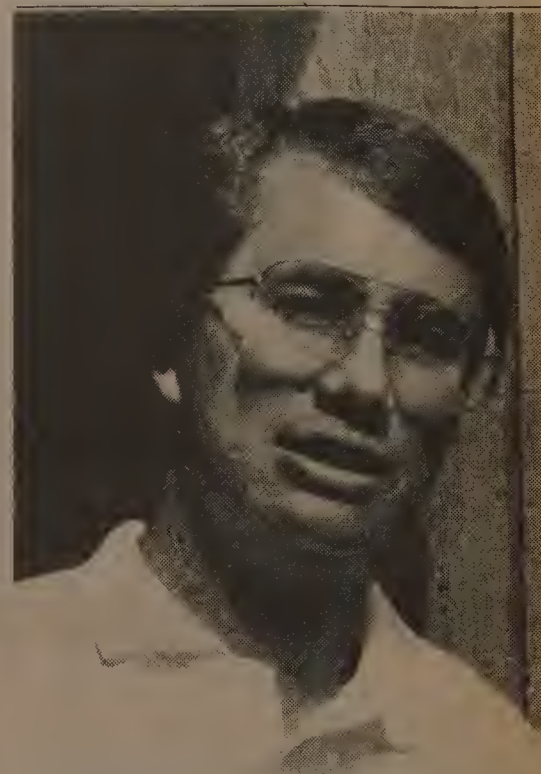
Points were awarded for every boat you beat, a maximum of 39 points per race. Five boats in three races gave each club 15 different results to add up. After two throwouts, their best 13 efforts were counted. The racing consisted of two races four-mile light air windward-leeward courses on Saturday, followed by a "real" race Sunday, a 14.8-mile Olympic course sailed in solid breeze.

Balboa YC won going away, in large part because they sent the biggest, fastest team into the primarily light air event. The



After the light air racing on Saturday, Sunday's sailing was a splash.

winning team consisted of Steve Frants's Andrews 42 *Roller*, Ernie Johanson's New York 36 *Big Apple*, John Cazier's Schock 35 *Buttercup*, Gordon Grahams' Santana 35 *Contention*, and Jim Nugent's Ericson 35 *Nugie Too*. In addition to selecting the best boats for the event, Balboa probably had the most talent on their team. For example, Tom Schock was on *Buttercup*, Dave Ullman drove *Big Apple*, and Tom Willson steered *Roller* with designer Alan Andrews helping



John Fradkin was responsible for bringing the proven Ventura Cup format to Newport Beach.

out on tactics.

Roller, sailing with a temporary PH rating of 48 assigned by the race committee, was the top scoring boat with a 2-1-1 record. Their near perfect score was marred only by the Soverel 33 *Wings* in the first race. Sailing for the Voyager YC, which ultimately took the doormat position, owner Carl Last



COMMODORES' CUP

ALL PHOTOS BY LATITUDE 34 / RICARDO DEL SUR

modore of Cal YC, there was so much enthusiasm for this championship regatta that "... we had to run it! We were originally

banged the favored corner to win the race by almost two minutes. (The Bible said "he who is Last shall be first"). *Wings*, however, ended up ninth overall for the weekend.

Harry Pattison, driving the Andrews 26 *Perfect Timing* for Newport Harbor YC would have been second overall, but dropped to fourth after collecting 10 points for popping an "I" flag in the last race. *Buttercup* and *Big Apple* finished second and third respectively.

But the emphasis in the Commodores' Cup is on team finishes, not individual performance. It's not a team race *per se* — the USYRU team racing rules aren't in effect — but the interclub nature of the competition is what makes this format more than just another PHRF gathering. There were plenty of close finishes, too: Bahia Corinthian barely beat Newport Harbor for second place, South Shore YC beat the UCI Sailing Association by a point, and Dana Point nipped Capistrano Bay by a point. According to Dave Ullman, "You try to stay off your team-mates air and maybe you try to screw up someone from another club at the start. But basically you just sail as fast as you can, hoping to collect as many points for the team as possible."

Ernie Johanson's 'Big Apple' was one-fifth of the Balboa YC's triumphant team.



Commodore's Cup Results

Yacht Club	Points	Boat Names
Balboa	444	<i>Roller, Buttercup, Big Apple, Contention, Nudge Too.</i>
Bahia Corinthian	322	<i>Bullet, Mischief, Risky Business, Speedster, Tres Gordo.</i>
Newport Harbor	320	<i>Perfect Timing, Kachina, Impulse, Lapworth Camel, Cursor.</i>
South Shore	247	<i>Michigaas, Defiance, Sorcerer, Tigeress, Bravado.</i>
UCI Sailing Assoc.	246	<i>Avanti, Cajun Lady, Renegade, Colombia, Mabry.</i>
Dana Point	230	<i>Defiance, Jalapena, Plum Crazy, Thunderbox.</i>
Capistrano Bay	228	<i>Bang Bang Maxwell, Wings, 34 Carat.</i>
Voyagers	203	<i>Runaway, Jiffy Too, Pussycat.</i>

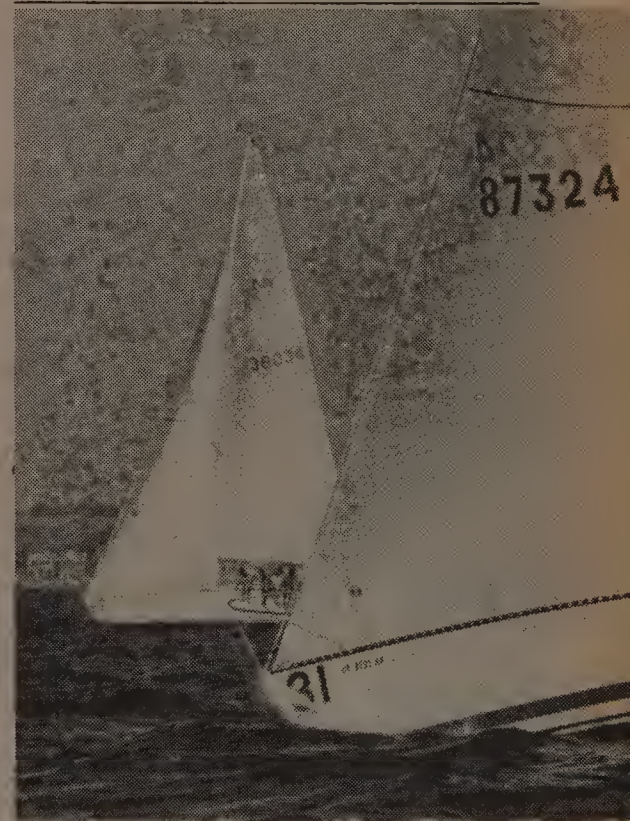
Another objective of the Commodores' Cup is to have fun. The 40 boats in the regatta were required to be docked at BYC Friday and Saturday nights, presumably to maximize the party atmosphere. Free beer after the races got the partying going each day, and a rock 'n' roll band kept the crowd boogeying well into the evening on Saturday. Balboa YC, despite hoarding all the trophies, knocked themselves out to make the event work both on land and sea.

This form of interclub racing is catching on in a big way throughout Southern California. The Ventura Cup has been going on for about a half dozen years and has been dominated by the Santa Barbara YC and Anacapa YC. Santa Monica Bay ran their third regatta recently (California YC has won all three, but barely squeaked past Del Rey YC this year) and Long Beach has done two (Alamitos Bay won, Long Beach YC was second). Supposedly, the San Diego yacht clubs are thinking about running one of these regattas next year.

An event which should spur even more interest in this type of racing will occur next month when Cal YC in Marina del Rey will host the inaugural Champion of Champions regatta under this format. Tentatively called the California Team Championship — the name may change pending sponsorship — it will pit the top two teams from each of the regions against each other on the weekend of November 7 and 8. The minimum rating band will be 600, which is the magic number that all of these challenge cups have used with the exception of the Commodores' Cup ("We wanted bigger boats," explained BYC's Fradkin, "Class A racing is where the action and the glamour is these days. Classes B and C are stagnant.")

According to Tom Leweck, com-

going to do it in '88, but everyone wants to do it now. With any luck, we might even have some wind that weekend." Based on the success of the first Commodores' Cup, and the ongoing success of the other Ventura Cup clones, this relatively new regatta



'Instinct' from the Capistrano Beach YC leads 'Sorcerer' from the South Shore YC.

format will be around for a long time. "PHRF is really the only game in town," said Leweck, "regattas like this are a good way to have some fun with it".

Participants in the inaugural Commodores' Cup seemed to agree with that assessment. Next year, ten clubs (50 boats) have been invited — and you can bet everyone's looking forward to teaching Balboa Yacht Club some manners.

— rob moore

WE WON'T FORGET OUR FIRST —

During the summer, the Sea of Cortez is usually calm. There's not much in the way of wind or waves. The anchorages are calm and quiet. It's hot as hell. Complacency sets in.

We were reminded, however, on Friday, August 21, that if you're to survive while

concerned. Afterall, wind speeds are usually exaggerated and the storm could easily veer or dissipate before reaching us. We went back to reading our *Latitudes*.

building seas. He had every inch of scope out and was glad he did. The storm was crazy! And it was heading south.

We — and everybody else in the anchorage — were awake now. There was a flurry of activity both on boats and the radio as yachties scurried to secure canvas and belongings. Nobody doubted the storm would hit us; the only question was how hard.

While we hemmed and hawed over each other's junk, none of us had the slightest notion of what was building to the north of us.

cruising you have to keep on your toes at all times. On that day we were hit by our first honest-to-God *chubasco*. It was enough to put the fear of nature in the hardest of seafaring souls. Even the long time Mexican vets were shook up.

It started out as a normal Puerto Escondido morning; quiet and still inside the anchorage. We were planning on spending the day working on the transmission of *Windrose*, our 1959 Derektor-built boat. Home-based in Ventura, we'd spent the last five years preparing the S&S 48 yawl for our open-ended cruise. The transmission had gone bad just as we were anchoring a few days before.

Fortuitously, we'd had a few too many margaritas the evening before, so we were moving slowly. We disconnected the shaft from the transmission, but didn't get any further. Instead of working we lolled about drinking coffee and reading *Latitude*.

There was a swap meet organized for that morning, so we participated along with most of other yachties. While we hemmed and hawed over each other's junk, none of us had the slightest notion of what was building to the north of us.

It was about 1230 that Peggy from *Pegala II* announced over the VHF that she'd gotten a weather report from Sanispac, and that anybody interested should switch to channel 22. Those that tuned in heard a manana net report that Sanispac, just 60 miles to the north, had been blasted by winds of 40 knots with gusts to 60 knots. The storm had passed but was headed south — directly toward us. Those of us who'd heard the broadcast were forewarned.

Our awning wasn't up, so we didn't have to take that down. But we otherwise went around policing the boat, taking down clothes hanging out to dry, tying down sailbags, etc. There wasn't much activity in the harbor yet, and frankly we weren't that

Then about 1300 another call came over the VHF. It was Ray from *Poco Loco* 17 miles to the north at Coronado Island. We knew what he had to say was important because he stayed on 16 rather than switching to a working channel. Remaining in contact, Ray reported hellacious winds and

While Puerto Escondido is an extremely protected anchorage, there are nonetheless dangers. Many of the boats have been left at anchor while their owners flew home to the States to escape the heat or take summer jobs to enlarge the cruising kitty. In addition there were many temporary singlehanders whose spouses had flown



CHUBASCO!

home to the States alone. Pam, on the Cheoy Lee 35 *Commocean*, was one of the latter. Her husband Rod had left that very morning for the States and wouldn't be home for ten days. We went over to help her.

Reports of impending bad weather continued to come in. The storm had hit Loreto and thus was only a few miles from us. By now we could look up and see huge black clouds rising ominously over the mountains and covering the entire sky. Suddenly the sun disappeared and the temperature took a steep drop. But there was still no wind. It was eerie.

We jumped in our dinghy and raced a short distance, perhaps 300 feet, from *Com-*

The approach of massive black clouds is always reason for concern in the Sea of Cortez.

mocean back to *Windrose*. In the very short time it took us to reach our boat the storm had hit in force. I yelled at Steve to secure the dinghy while I took down the windscoop. I'd mistakenly left that one item up to catch as much wind as possible.

Steve secured the Avon bow and stern, then went to work gathering the cockpit cushions. It wasn't easy as the early gusts were knocking us over 20 degrees.

We looked over to *Rob Roy* in time to see a gust come over the mountain and knock her down 40 degrees. Water spouts were popping up all over the place. Boats were bouncing off each other right and left, like steel balls in a pinball machine. Already there were calls coming over the radio from boats that were dragging. I kept praying we wouldn't drag; our engine was out of commission.

The wind was blowing a constant 40 knots and gusting higher. Because the fetch between the north wall and where we were



The 'chubasco' swept down from Sanispac to the crowded anchorage at Puerto Escondido.



anchored was so short, I didn't expect any waves. But I was wrong. In less than a thousand feet the water had been whipped into three foot waves, with spray getting blown off the tops in 50 knot gusts.

Even though we'd policed the boat, we had minor problems. Small pieces of canvas as well as our propane and winch covers went flying. The BBQ lid crashed around and fishing poles bent over in their holders. I grabbed for some flying canvas when suddenly a gust hit that was stronger than all others. Jesus Christ! Our anemometer was pegged at 60 knots. Even our boat, which usually rides straight and smooth at anchor, was skating back and forth as she tried to right herself in the veering winds.

Looking over at *Commocean* we could see that she was dragging in our direction. Oh no! Suddenly over the radio we heard:

Windrose, Windrose, this is Commocean. Am I losing ground?"

I replied 'yes', saying that we were on our way. But when Steve went to get in the dinghy it stood straight on end, very nearly flipping over. There was no way we could reach *Commocean*. We watched helplessly

CHUBASCO!

as she and Pam rapidly drifted downwind toward a rock wall.

Buffeted so badly that she was usually broadside to the wind and waves, *Commocean* wouldn't come head to wind and thus continued to drag. But Pam was on the ball and got the engine started in time to straighten the boat out and slow her backward movement. For the next 20 minutes Pam motored valiantly against the wind, alone and thus unable to set another anchor. Had she left the helm for even a moment the boat would have turned and quickly been on its way to certain death against the rocks.

But the wind didn't abate, continuing to blow like snot. Slowly but surely *Commocean* was losing ground. It looked like she'd be lost and would take a couple of boats with her.

Then Lee from *Mar y Vent* decided to take a chance. He got into his dinghy to head upwind to the dragging boat. He almost lost it when a gust got under his dinghy and nearly flipped him over. He was going to have to give up when we hailed him over to our boat. With Steve jumping in for extra ballast, the two of them were able to reach *Commocean*.

Fortunately, before leaving, Steve had reconnected *Windrose's* shaft to the transmission so I had forward power. I was thanking my lucky stars we hadn't gotten further into the transmission tear-down as I watched the rescue mission with my engine idling. Although it was tricky business, Lee and Steve finally got a second hook down that held *Commocean* for the duration of the *chubasco*.

Windrose was holding position, but I wondered how I'd do on my own if we broke loose. Right then I was holding the dinghy down with my right hand as she danced in the air and tried to turn over.

Although the 'lost and found' segment of the net was longer than normal the next day, generally speaking, we'd all been pretty lucky.

When I stood on the cabin-top I could see out into the Sea of Cortez. There were huge breaking waves and spume spread over the entire area. 'Thank God we're not out there,' I thought to myself. The wind was still screaming so loud that you couldn't hear



An aerial view of Puerto Escondido. This is perhaps the Sea of Cortez' most popular summer refuge.

anything except the storm. But eventually reports began to come over the radio that the wind had abated to 25 knots at Coronado Island. If we could hold on just a little longer it looked like we'd make it.

It wasn't until Steve got back that I had time to have a good look around the anchorage. There were a couple of boats up on the rocks and quite a few motoring around looking for new spots to anchor after dragging or having boats drag down on them. The radio was alive with damage reports and requests for help. A couple of boats had been caught out in the Gulf during the storm. They were limping toward the harbor a little worse for the wear.

By 1700 the wind was down to a relatively steady 10-15 knots. People began venturing out to help others who had been less fortunate, to check on friends and to offer condolences to those whose boats had been damaged. A quick survey showed that at

least six dinghies flipped, losing gear in the process. A dozen boats had dragged. Several of the dragging boats were unoccupied and nearly crashed into other boats.

Two or three boats suffered relatively serious damage. *March Wind* dragged against a seawall during the storm. Her owners weren't aboard, but racing back to her. They arrived just as she smashed into the wall, damaging the hull and teak on the port side.

Tim from *Question of Balance* had heroically left his own boat to lend a hand. He was able to get *March Wind's* awning and windscoop down. He couldn't get the engine going though, so he was unable to get her from hitting the wall. Luckily it appears that most of the damage is cosmetic.

Having done what he could, Tim tried to return to his boat. It was no use. The wind picked up his dinghy and flipped it, tossing Tim into the drink. So he had to swim, dinghy in tow, back to his boat during the height of the storm.

Although the 'lost and found' segment of the net was longer than normal the next day, generally speaking we'd all been pretty lucky. Some fared a little worse than others, but we all survived. This included *Tortue*, which was caught in the middle of the storm sailing down from Conception Bay. They reported that 80 knot gusts blew out their mainsail as they ran before the wind. I didn't doubt them when they said it was the worst and most terrifying storm they'd ever been in.

We've been in storms at sea before, but this was our first at anchor. I know we'll hit more as we cruise farther south to Costa Rica, the Galapagos and the South Pacific. Even so, I know we'll always remember our first *chubasco*.

— **bonnie bojqorquez**

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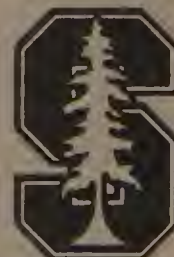
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1987 MEXICO ONLY CREW LIST

The summer shadows are growing longer, the days are growing shorter. Young men are chasing footballs around on grass and astro-turf, while older men on couches drink beer and watch them. It's a pretty discouraging time of year except for those planning to follow the sun south to Mexico and make this their year of an endless summer.

Naturally not everyone has a boat to cruise to Mexico. But then not everyone headed South has enough crew for their boat. It's a potentially symbiotic situation if only there were a way for those looking to crew to find those wanting crew.

The purpose of our Mexico Only Crew List advertising supplement is to put these two groups of people in contact with each other. While we're certainly not going to promise that it will work for everyone, historically it's been successful for quite a few people. We've had scores of people tell us they've gotten to Mexico — and beyond — by using the advertising supplement.

A few words of caution. The advertising supplement is provided for information purposes only. This means that *Latitude* is in no way responsible for what might happen to people who make use of the information. For instance, we obviously can't warranty that all the boats you might get on are safe, that the captains are competent, or that the potential crew aren't axe-murderers. If you're not willing to assume all the risks for using the information, don't make use of it. As always, we'll gladly refund your money.

Of course, there's another type of danger. We started the Crew List Advertising Supplements about seven or eight years ago, and since then we've been averaging nearly a marriage a year. In other words, be careful out there!

A couple of tips on how to use this advertising supplement:

1. Try to be specific. No matter if you're waiting for a call or are going to call somebody, be as precise as possible about what you're looking for. For example, "I'm looking for two crew, at least one with previous Mexico experience, to depart San Diego on November 15, and sail as far south as Zihuatanejo by January 15." Or, "I'm looking to crew on a boat, I've got x, y and z experience, I'm available from December 1 to March 1, and am willing to pay my share of the food." Both of these answers are far better than the "I always heard Mexico was fun, so I thought I might want to do some sailing there sometime this winter if I can get some time off."

2. Have resumes made so you can quickly follow up on the phone calls you've made or received. If you're looking for crew, include a photo or line drawing of your boat, the gear aboard, your experience, your proposed itinerary, what you're looking for in crew, etc. It's pretty much the same for crew. Include a photo, your sailing experience, what you're looking for, etc. Again, remember to be specific. Make extras to post at cruising oriented yacht clubs and chandleries.

3. Don't wait for the phone to ring. Just because you've signed up for the list doesn't mean it's illegal for you to initiate calls. Investing a little energy can mean the difference between spending the winter under cold gray skies or sailing in bright sunshine.

4. What to do if a promising boat or crew is booked? Don't give up. Crew and boat plans are about as liquid as the ocean, so assume that changes in plans will be the norm. If you're told that a boat has filled its number of crew or that a crew you want has signed on with another boat, ask if you can send along your personal or boat resume anyway. If plans fall through, your name will be right there when it's needed most. Also remember that folks headed off cruising usually know others who are headed off cruising. Thus if positions have already been filled on a boat, ask if the skipper knows anybody else

who needs crew.

5. Youth isn't everything. It seems like too many skipper's idea of great crew is a 21-year-old woman who looks good in a bikini. The truth of the matter is that there's lots of great sailors out there, some of them over 25. Even over 35, 45 and 55. Cheat them from consideration and you may well be cheating yourself.

For those of you who pick up this month's issue hot off the presses, we'd like to remind you that *Latitude's* Cruising Kick-Off Party will be held at the Sausalito Cruising Club, foot of Napa Street, in Sausalito on October 6 from 1800. Traditionally, it attracts 350 to 400 people. As always, we'll be serving *Latitude's* industrial strength guacamole dip and giving away *Latitude 38* and *Latitude 34* t-shirts and visors. Come early before the dip and chips run out.

With all the preliminaries out of the way, here's the Mexico Only Crew List Advertising Supplement. There's a guide to explain all the codes, one that ought to be far easier to understand than the SatNav manual. Good luck, we'll be looking forward to seeing you in Mexico!

CODE FOR PEOPLE WANTING TO CREW

I want to crew:

1. For the trip down.
2. While in Mexico.
3. For the Sea of Cortez Race Week.
4. For the return trip up Baja.

My experience is:

1. Little or none.
2. Bay sailing.
3. Ocean sailing.
4. Foreign cruising.

I can offer:

1. Little skills. I am a novice sailor.
2. Skills of a normal hand: standing watch, reefing, changing sails.
3. Skilled and experienced sailor. I can navigate, reef, steer, handle basic mechanical problems.
4. Companionship.

MEN WANTING TO CREW IN MEXICO

Michael Player, 45, (619) 281-0220, 4753 Bancroft St., San Diego, CA 92116
..... for 1,2,3,4 / has 2,3,4 / offers 2.
Steve Eguina, 39, (714) 472-8000 wk; 643-5399 hm; 25641 Rapid Fall, Laguna Hills, CA 92653
..... for 1,2,3 / has 3 / offers 3.
DuWayne Liebe, 40, (714) 623-1548, 16121 Barbee St., Fontana, CA
..... for 1,2,3,4 / has 3,4 / offers 3.
Peter Lipa, 43, (916) 451-9487, 2530 27th St., Sacramento, CA 95818
..... for 1,2 / has 2,3 / offers 1,2,4.
Kim Mosher, 39, (408) 773-9713, 2240 Homestead Ct. #309, Los Altos, CA 94022
..... for 1,2,3,4 / has 2,3 / offers 2,3.
John A. Bell, 42, (415) 947-5795, 1440 Creekside #14, Walnut Creek, CA 94596
..... for 1,3,4 / has 3,4 / offers 3.
Andrew Blake, 37, 868-2800, P.O. Box 963, Stinson Beach, CA 94970
..... for 1,2,3 / has 2 / offers 2.

MEN WANTING TO CREW — CONT'D

Jim Carkhuff, 35, 411 So. Sangamon St. #7E, Chicago, IL for 1,4 / has 2,3 / offers 2.

Steve Cosbey, 40, 333-3482, 375 Munich St., San Francisco, CA for 1,3,4 / has 2 / offers 3.

Tom Oczkowski, 34, 332-6728, 100 Cazneav St., Sausalito, CA 94965 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2,3,4 / offers 3.

John Battle, 30, (415) 656-4542 for 2,3 / has 2 / offers 3,4.

Doug Royer, 40, 569-4608 pm's, 383 Pleasant Way, San Leandro for 1,2,3,4 / has 2,3 / offers 2,3.

Stephen Buckingham, 26, 929-8262, 1911 Divisadero St., San Francisco for 1,2,3,4 / has 3 / offers 2,3,4.

Doug Wade, 37, 817 Slater St., Santa Rosa, CA 95404 for 2,3.

Jack Scott, 49, (415) 885-3375 hm; (408) 957-1911 wk; 1896 Pacific Ave. #704, San Francisco, CA 94109 for 3,4 / has 2,3,4 / offers 2,3.

Phil Chin, 40, (408) 377-7951, 101 Shelley Ave., Campbell, CA 95008 for 1,2,3 / has 2 / offers 3,4.

John Prentiss, 44, (415) 941-6488 for 1,2,4 / has 2,3 / offers 2.

Dick Schuettge, 841-6962 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2,3,4 / offers 3.

John Prentiss, 44, (415) 941-6488, Box 425, La Honda, CA 94020 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2,3 / offers 2.

Ray Alfsen, 63, (916) 577-0619, So. Lake Tahoe for 1,2,4 / has 2,3,4 / offers 3.

Martin Burs, 33, (408) 688-2034, 326 Moosehead Dr., Aptos, CA 95003 for 1 / has 2 / offers 2.

Paul Morningstar, 39, (707) 964-8474, 18603 N. Hwy. 1, Fort Bragg, CA 95437 for 1,2,3,4 / has 3 / offers 2,3.

Bob Stanley, 41, (415) 527-9881, P.O. Box 4492, Berkeley, CA 94704 for 1,2,3 / has 2,3 / offers 2,4.

Scott Fricker, 23, (707) 823-4411, 10954 Peaks Pike Rd., Sebastopol, CA 95472 for 1,2,3,4 / has 3 / offers 2.

Fred Wainwright, 24, (415) 328-5758, 542 Forest #F, Palo Alto, CA 94301-2618 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2 / offers 2.

Tim Sevison, 39, (707) 795-7893, 8910 Cypress Ave., Santa Rosa, CA 94928 for 1,3,4 / has 2,3 / offers 2.

Jason Lukas, 21, 849-4912, 2461 Warring #403, Berkeley, CA 94704 for 1,2,3,4 / has 1 / offers 1.

Peter Liou, 21, 845-9574, 2324 Dwight Way #201, Berkeley, CA 94709 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2 / offers 2.

Jerry Peters, 47, (209) 772-2487, 4968 Noland Ct., Valley Springs, CA 95252 for 1,2 / has 2,3,4 / offers 3.

Steve Donovan, 38, 388-9278, Star Route, Box 307, Sausalito 94966, CA for 1,2,3,4 / has 2,3,4 / offers 3,4.

Roger Bartlett, 54, (619) 264-3686, 6725 Brooklyn Ave., San Diego, CA 92114 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2,3 / offers 2,3,4.

Ray Muller, 45, P.O. Box 87, Silver City, NV 89428 for 4 / has 2 / offers 2.

Rick Osborn, 31, (415) 237-9620, P.O. Box 1840, Visalia, CA 93279 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2,3,4 / offers 2.

Phelps Hobart, 47, (916) 739-6949 Sacramento for 1,2,3 / has 2,3 / offers 2,3,4.

Frank Ansak, 27, 383-0548, 123 Reed Blvd., Mill Valley, CA 94941 for 1,4 / has 3,4 / offers 3.

Gordon Nash, 50s, (916) 446-5877, 3450 Whitnor Ct., Sacramento, CA 95821 for 3 / has 2,3 / offers 3,4.

Bryan Levien, 25, (415) 961-7643, 1648 Pinehurst Dr., Los Altos, CA 94022 for 1,2,3,4 / has 3 / offers 3.

Walt Tracinski, 39, (408) 725-8236, 20737 Celeste Circle, Cupertino, CA 95014 for 1,2 / has 3 / offers 3.

Rick Gordon, 46, (415) 283-7363 for 1,2,3,4 / has 3 / offers 3.

Earl Yin Jew, 27, (213) 827-9873 home; (818) 992-8628 for 1,2,3,4 / has 3 / offers 3.

Max Seeman, 61, (805) 965-6104, 201 Mesa Lane, Santa Barbara, CA 93109 for 1,4 / has 3,4 / offers 1,3.

Kelth Davis, 34, (707) 765-1916 for 1,2 / has 2,3,4 / offers 3,4.

George Reed, 39, 548-4434, 2133 4th, Berkeley, CA 94710 for 1 / has 3 / offers 3.

Capt. Paul F. DeGrasse, 50, (213) 541-2993, Rancho Palso Verdes, CA 90274 for 1,2,3,4 / has 3,4 / offers 3.

Charlie Mead, 52, (503) 285-7050, 515 N.E. Tomahawk Bay, Portland, OR 97212 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2,3 / offers 3.

Greg Gretz, 22, (408) 739-4278 for 1 / has 2 / offers 1,2.

Jesse Allan, 23, (415) 383-3860, 327 Melrose, Mill Valley, CA 94941 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2 / offers 2.

MEN WANTING TO CREW — CONT'D

Jonathan Taylor, 40, 346-2236, 3127 Washington St., San Francisco, CA 94115 for 1,2,3 / has 3 / offers 3.

Harry Hayward, 43, (415) 459-5059, 200 Scenic Rd., Fairfax for 1 / has 2,3 / offers 2,3.

Randall Boquist, 35, (916) 265-8633 wk. lv. msg., P.O. Box 1601, Nevada City, CA 95959 for 1 / has 2 / offers 2.

Bill Adams, 46, (916) 496-3379, Box 739, Seiad Valley, CA 96086 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2,3,4 / offers 2.

Allen Howard, 39, (415) 456-3092, P.O. Box 1528, San Anselmo, CA 94960 for 1,2,3 / has 2 / offers 2.

Jason R. Guy, 32, (408) 427-2873, P.O. Box 5193, Santa Cruz, CA 95063 for 1,4 / has 1,2 / offers 2,4.

Tim Schmidt, 33, 331-0105, P.O. Box 863, Larkspur, CA 94939 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2,3 / offers 3.

Rod Thompson, 51, (206) 866-1184 msg., 4830 Cooper Pt. Rd., Olympla, WA 98502 for 1,2,3,4 / has 3,4 / offers 3,4.

Brad Bissell, 30, (408) 559-4015, 20800 Canon Dr., Los Gatos for 1,2,4 / has 2,3 / offers 2.

Steve Peart, 29, (408) 353-3148 for 1,2,4 / has 2 / offers 3.

Martin Dunn, 40, (916) 638-7100, 10063 Kern River Ct., Rancho Cordova, CA 95670 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2 / offers 2,4.

John Fogarty, 41, (408) 475-5608, 623 Riverview Dr., Capitola, CA 95010 for 1,2,4 / has 2,3 / offers 2.

Frank Stamey, 43, (619) 873-4500, 2630 Irene Wy., Bishop, CA 93514 for 1,3 / has 3 / offers 2,3.

Dean Millican, 40, 359-4112, 62 Eastlake Ave., Pacifica, CA 94044 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2 / offers 2.

Charles Meeks, 29, 359-4112, 62 Eastlake Ave., Pacifica, CA 94044 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2 / offers 2.

Jim Chandler, 55, (415) 573-7319, 1405 Via Vista, San Mateo, CA 94404 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2,3 / offers 2.

Joel Waldman, 58, (408) 739-5876, 720-A Blair Ct., Sunnyvale, CA 94087 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2,3 / offers 3.

Rob Muller, 39, (415) 687-4974 for 1,2 / has 2,3 / offers 2,4.

Bob Rivas, 40, (415) 845-4970, 2408 San View Ter., Concord, CA 94520 for 2,3 / has 2 / offers 2,3.

Randy Sparks, 33, (408) 476-4918, 4300 Soquel Dr. #38, Soquel, CA 95073 for 1,2,3 / has 2,3,4 / offers 3.

Tom McCall, 57, (408) 353-1665 for 1,2,3,4 / has 3 / offers 2.

Joe Elson, 29, (415) 821-9365, 23-C Peralta, San Francisco, CA for 1,2,4 / has 2 / offers 2, (physician).

WOMEN WANTING TO CREW IN MEXICO

Aurelia Contento, (408) 257-5583, 10171 Lebanon Dr., Monta Vista, CA 95014 for 1,2,3,4 / has 1,2,3,4 / offers 2,4.

Ellen Singer, 29, (718) 624-3678, 14 First Place #3, Brooklyn, NY 11231 or S.F. (415) 928-4269 for 1,2 / has 2 / offers 2,4.

Elaine Farwell, 44, 479-9444, 23 Vendola Dr., San Rafael, CA 94903 for 1,2,3,4 / has 1,2 / offers 1,2,4.

Marina, (415) 381-0123, P.O. Box 636, Mill Valley, CA 94942 for 2,3 / has 2,3 / offers 1,2.

J.P. Reeves, 28, 3824 Jacobs Ave. #7, Eureka, CA 95501 for 1,2,3,4 / has 3,4 / offers 3.

Susan Janssen, 37, (916) 447-6265, 2100 I St. #6, Sacramento, CA 95816 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2,3 / offers 2.

S. Frederick, 43, (415) 830-8985 for 1,2,3,4 / has 1,2,4 / offers 1,2,4.

Nancy Hunter, 19, (415) 851-1855, 252 Swett Rd., Woodside, CA 94062 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2,3,4 / offers 2.

KC Britz, 24, 532 W. Merle Ct., San Leandro, CA 94577 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2 / offers 1.

Sally Glaesner, 35, c/o (415) 474-3043, 14 White St., San Francisco, CA 94109 for 1,2,3,4 / has 3,4 / offers 3.

Denise Whaley, 32, (415) 897-7571, P.O. Box 9611, San Rafael, CA 94912 for 1,2,3 / has 2,3 / offers 2.

Barbara Zimmerman, 43, (408) 429-4104, P.O. Box 7505, Santa Cruz, CA 95061 for 1,2,3,4 / has 1,2 / offers 1,4.

Jane Gover, 28, (415) 459-1843, 37 Woodland Ave., San Rafael, CA 94901 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2,3,4 / offers 2,3,4.

Sandi Hlcks, 29, 359-4112, 62 Eastlake Ave., Pacifica, CA 94044 for 1,2 / has 2 / offers 2.

Michelle, 35, hm: (415) 331-7128; wk: (415) 676-9768 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2,3,4 / offers 2,4.

Karinne Kulsar, 27, (415) 857-0465 for 2,3 / has 2 / offers 2.

MEXICO CREW LIST SUPPLEMENT

WOMEN WANTING TO CREW — CONT'D

Barrett McManon, 32, (707) 579-3783, 805 Lewis Rd., Santa Rosa, CA 95404
 for 2,3 / has 1,2 / offers 1,2,4.
 Margot Tepperman, 40, (209) 255-3349, 2004 S. Karen, Fresno, CA 93727
 for 1,2,3,4 / has 1 / offers 1,4.
 Carol Parsons, 37, 930 Clover Dr., Santa Rosa, CA 95401
 for 1,2 / has 1,2 / offers 1,2.
 Eleanore B. Hicks, 33, hm: (818) 763-0229; wk: (818) 848-5555, 4220 Fair Ave.
 #101, N. Hollywood, CA 91602 for 1 / has 2,3 / offers 2.
 Dobie Dolphin, 38, (707) 937-0405, P.O. Box 344, Albion, CA 95410
 for 2 / has 2,3,4 / offers 2,3,4.
 Priscilla Brown, 32, (805) 963-4383, 222 E. Carrillo St., Ste. 111, Santa Bar-
 bara, CA 93101 for 1 / has 1,3 / offers 1.
 Heien L. Thomas, 60, 16 de Septiembre 2559, La Paz, BCS, Mexico
 for 2 / has 2,3,4 / offers 2,3,4.
 Heidi Tiura, 35, (415) 728-9103, Box 878, El Granada, CA 94018
 for 1,2,3,4 / has 3,4 / offers 2,3.
 C. Cannon, 32, 975 California Ave., Palo Alto, CA 94304
 for 1,2,4 / has 2,3 / offers 2.

Dominique J. Beccat, 36, (619) 270-2533, 4639 Pico St., San Diego, CA 92109
 for 2,3 / has 2,3,4 / offers 2,3.
 Nancy Connor, 28, (415) 883-7289, 30 Baywood Circle, Novato, CA 94949
 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2,3 / offers 2,3.
 Aurelia Contento, (408) 257-5583 for 1,3,4 / has 2,3,4 / offers 2,4.
 Liz Daiton, 38, (503) 641-6470, 507 3rd Ave., Ste. 740, Seattle, WA 98104
 for 1,2,4 / has 2,4 / offers 3.

COUPLES WANTING TO CREW IN MEXICO

Jean & Mary Jane Baker, 57/56, (916) 922-9847, 6521 Garden Hwy., Sacra-
 mento, CA 95837 for 1,2,4 / have 2,3 / offer 2.
 Terry & Lauren Spalding, 37/30, (415) 830-8823 hm; (415) 842-0102 Terry wk;
 (415) 827-7913 Lauren wk; P.O. Box 27502, Concord, CA 94527
 for 4 / have 2 / offer 2.
 Herman & Jeane Miller, 62/50, (209) 948-3111, P.O. Box 1769, Stockton, CA
 95201 for 1,2,3,4 / have 1,2,3,4 / offer 1,2,3,4.
 Cliff & Barbara Jarman, 54/49, P.O. Box 14752, Oakland, CA 94614
 for 1,2 / have 2 / offer 2.
 Mark & Olivia Meison, 42/43, (209) 931-4750, 11235 E. Live Oak Rd., Lodi, CA
 95240 for 1,2,3,4 / have 2,3 / offer 2,3,4.

CODE FOR PEOPLE LOOKING FOR CREW

I need crew:

1. For the trip down.
2. While in Mexico.
3. For Sea of Cortez Race Week.
4. Return trip up Baja.

My experience is:

1. Bay sailing.
2. Ocean sailing.
3. Foreign sailing.

I am looking for:

1. Moderately experienced sailor to share normal crew responsibilities.
2. Experienced cruiser, familiar with navigation and mechanics, who can show me the ropes.
3. Companionship (a) female, (b) male, (c) either.
4. Someone who can help me bring the boat back up Baja.

MEN NEEDING CREW IN MEXICO

David Fisher, 31, (714) 770-6945 for 1,2 / has 2,3 / wants 1,3.
 Johnny Ramos, 60, Yate Hay Chihuahua, c/o Port Captain, La Paz, BCS,
 Mexico for 2,3 / has 2,3 / wants 3a.
 Ernie Carson, 49, (213) 547-9845, P.O. Box 1785, San Pedro, CA
 for 1,2 / has 2,3 / wants 1,3a.
 Dean Wilson, 30s, (415) 644-0123, P.O. Box 9409, Berkeley, CA 94709
 for 1,2 / has 2,3 / wants 1,3a.
 Frank Weiling, 40s, (415) 540-0899 for 1,2 / has 2,3 / wants 1,3a.
 Jerry Cummings, 34, (805) 642-0829 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2 / for 3a.
 Dave Merrick, 40, 24' Pearson, P.O. Box 851, Santa Margarita, CA 93453
 for 1 / has 2 / wants 1.
 Tom Appieton, 56, P.O. Box 991, West Sacramento, CA 95691
 for 1,2,3,4 / has 1,2 / wants 1,3a,4.
 Walton E. Wallace, (415) 364-6136, 660 Bair Is. Rd. Box 57, Redwood City, CA
 94063 for 1,2,4 / has 1,2 / wants 1,2.
 Ralph, 50, (415) 788-5440, 566 Vallejo #11, San Francisco, CA 94133
 for 1,2 / has 1,2,3 / wants 3a.
 Peter James, 36, 456-5027 for 1,2,3 / has 1,2,3 / wants 1,3a.
 Jerry Holden, 37, 820 Pacific Coast Hwy. #236, Hermosa Bch, CA 90254
 for 1,2 / has 2 / wants 1,3a.
 Al MacDiarmid, 55, 945 Neai Ave., Wahiawa, HI 96786
 for 1,2 / has 1,2,3 / wants 3a.
 Harold Hubbard, 57, P.O. Box 637, Alameda, CA 94501
 for 1,2,4 / has 1 / wants 1,2,3c,4.
 Richard, 53, (415) 332-6390 for 1,2,3,4 / has 1,2,3 / wants 3a.
 Dean Dietrich, 41, 567-2370, 2030 Broadway #5, San Francisco, CA 94115
 for 1,2,3 / has 1,2 / wants 1,2,3a.
 Alan Lawrence, 43, (415) 856-6948, Palo Alto for 1,2,4 / has 1 / wants 1,3a,4.
 Dick Johnson, 64, (916) 644-1928, Benicia Marina for 1 / has 1,2 / wants 2.
 Hubert Schoenherr, 52, (213) 534-8300 ext. 341, 1627 N. Wilmington Blvd.,
 Wilmington, CA 90744 for 1,2,3 / has 2 / wants 1,3c.
 David Fiorito, 38, (619) 294-8340, 2731 Sheiter Is. Dr. #266, San Diego, CA
 92106 for 1,2,4 / has 2 / wants 1,3a,4.
 Frank Fahey, 68, (619) 224-3833, P.O. Box 6642, San Diego, CA 92106-0642
 for 1,2,3,4 / has 1,2,3 / wants 1,3c,4.
 David Young, 33, (415) 397-5184, (808) 965-9094
 for 1,2,3 / has 1,2,3 / wants 1,3a.
 Neil Bisbee, 39, 335 Buckingham Way, San Francisco, CA 94132
 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2 / wants 1,3.
 Lovie Thomas, P.O. Box 60214, San Diego, CA 92106
 for 1,2,3,4 / has 1,2,3 / wants 2,3c,4.

Bruce McHugh, 29, (415) 532-0717, P.O. Box 1683, El Granada, CA 94018
 for 1,2,4 / has 1,2 / wants 1.
 Mike Smith, 49, 461-3360 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2,3 / want 1,3a,c,4.
 Bob Hill, 38, (714) 642-6420, P.O. Box 410, Newport Beach, CA 92663
 for 1,2,4 / has 1,2 / wants 1,2,3c,4.
 Bob Feldman, 49, (213) 305-1505 for 1,2,3,4 / has 2 / wants 1,3c.
 Joe Russell, 50, (805) 969-2747, P.O. Box 957, 93067
 for 1,2,3 / has 2 / wants 1,3a.
 Len Barad, 60, (714) 240-9934, 34300 Lantern Bay #52, Dana Point, CA 92629
 for 1,2,3,4 / has 1 / wants 1,2,3,4.
 Dave Sheilabarger, 36, (213) 549-3283, 9 a.m. for 1,2 / has 2 / wants 1,3a.
 Stuart R. Cox, 6000 Sunset Blvd. #209, Hollywood, CA 90028
 for 1,2 / has 2 / wants 1,2,3c.

WOMEN NEEDING CREW IN MEXICO

Ann Drake, 57, (415) 522-3679 for 1 / has 1,2 / wants 1,2,(couples welcome!)

COUPLES NEEDING CREW IN MEXICO

Peter & Susy Hubner, 46/50, 548-5257 for 1(to La Paz only) / have 1,2 / want 1,2,3c.
 Joe & Kathy Davis, 43/39, 883 Oak Grove Ave., Menio Park, CA 94025
 for 2,3,4 / have 1,2,3 / want 1,4.
 Jim & Shirley, 40, (619) 426-2199 aft. 8 p.m. for 1,2,3 / have 1,2 / want 1.

If Swan Built A Trimaran . . .



Trois En Passant — 50-ft LOA, 25-ft Beam, Ketch Rig

Have you ever dreamed of getting away from the rat race on your own yacht, cruising the world or perhaps chartering to special guests? Whatever your fantasy, *Trois En Passant* can make it a reality. This spectacular trimaran is not like any other multihull you have seen. Constructed to Lloyd's Standards of special royal marine plywood with fibreglass over and rare osu, mahogany and teak wood interior, you will sail her with pride and confidence. She is comfortable and *safe* with eight watertight compartments and positive flotation. Despite her size, she can be handled with ease by two people for sail handling is quite easy on her large, uncluttered and stable deck. She has six large double berths to accomodate 12 with four heads and two showers. Her huge covered cockpit and decks allow you and your guests space to be alone, a real luxury not available on most boats this size.

A partial list of equipment includes:

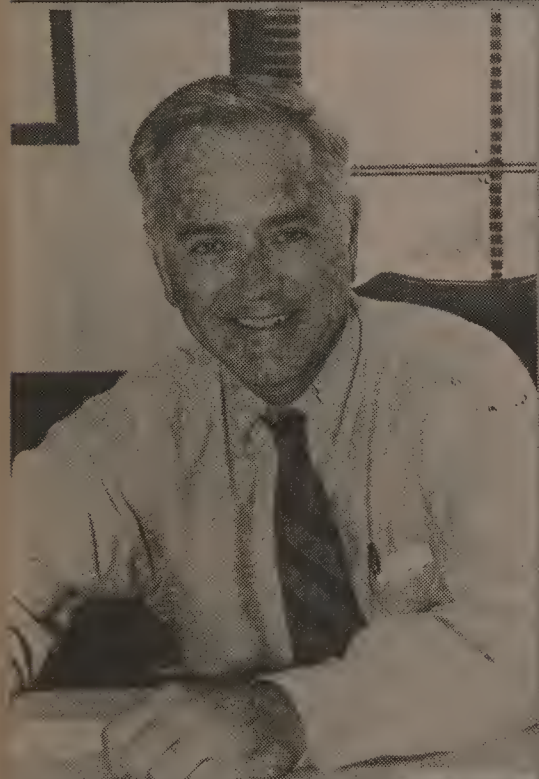
Perkins 4-236 diesel, 85 hp, with a stand-by electric fuel pump, six sails, 13 stainless steel Barients, Cruising Design roller furling on genoa, S/R Mariner Nav 5 instruments (wind, speed, depth), additional VDO speedlog and recording fathometer, Autohelm 5000 autopilot, Ideal electric anchor windlass with deck and cockpit controls. Fuel capacity is 240 gallons in two separate tanks providing a 1,200 mile cruising range. Water capacity is 300 gallons in three separate tanks. Refrigerator and freezer have dual holding plates with both engine driven and 110v auto-electric systems. A 2000w inverter will supply power for microwave, all tools, etc. The battery system provides 800 amperes of power. There is an electric pump for the engine and transmission sumps. The large engine room has access from both the cockpit and aft cabin. There is a rudder position indicator and all standing rigging has sta-lock terminals.

This is a truly fine sailing vessel and is extremely seaworthy. You owe it to yourself to consider the advantage of a world class trimaran.

For further information please contact the owner,
(415) 820-8950 weekdays (415) 523-3198 weekends

1987 CATALINA 38

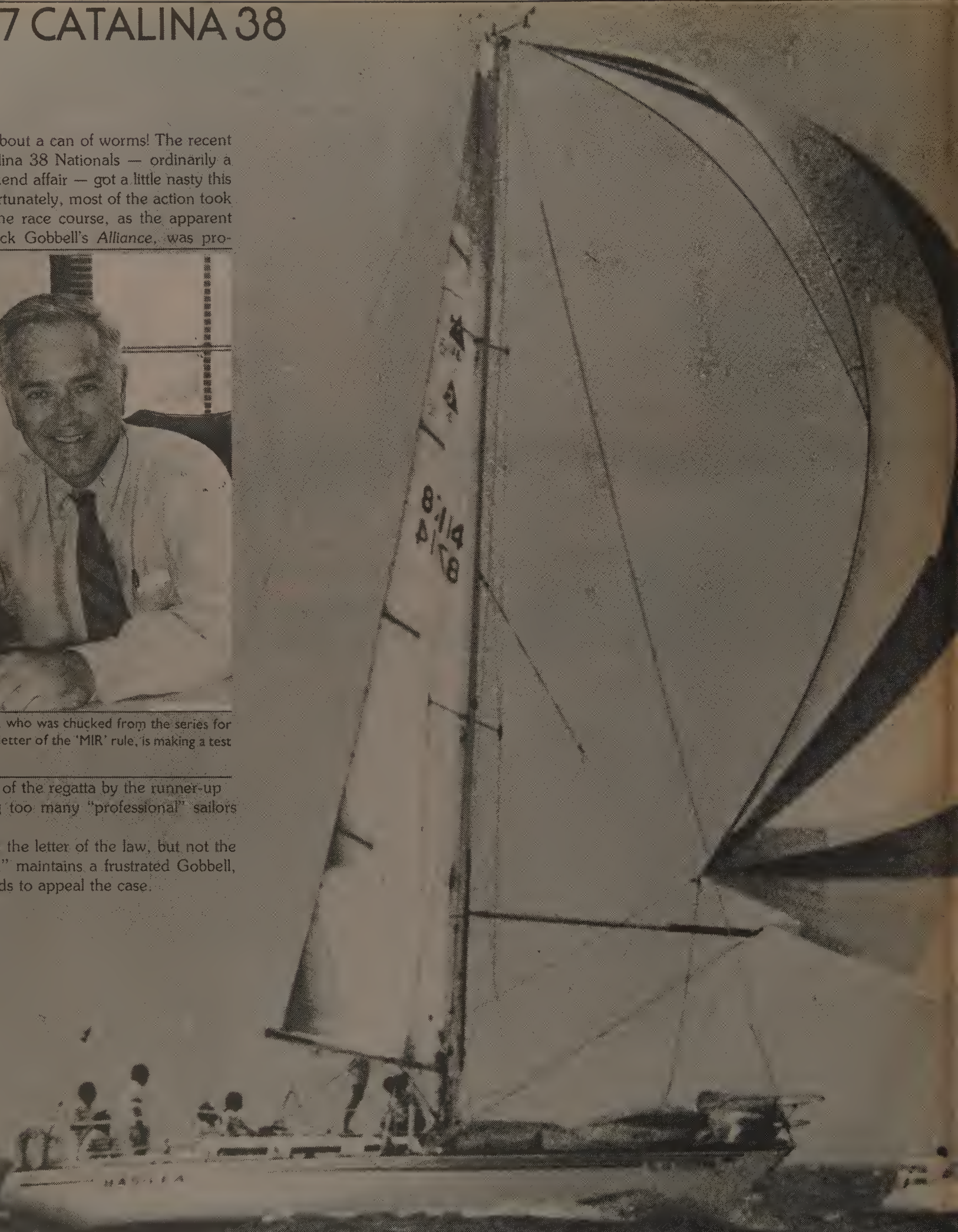
Talk about a can of worms! The recent Catalina 38 Nationals — ordinarily a polite weekend affair — got a little nasty this year. Unfortunately, most of the action took place off the race course, as the apparent winner, Jack Gobbell's *Alliance*, was pro-



Jack Gobbell, who was chucked from the series for violating the letter of the "MIR" rule, is making a test case of it.

tested out of the regatta by the runner-up for having too many "professional" sailors onboard.

"I broke the letter of the law, but not the spirit of it," maintains a frustrated Gobbell, who intends to appeal the case.



NATIONAL'S IMBROGLIO

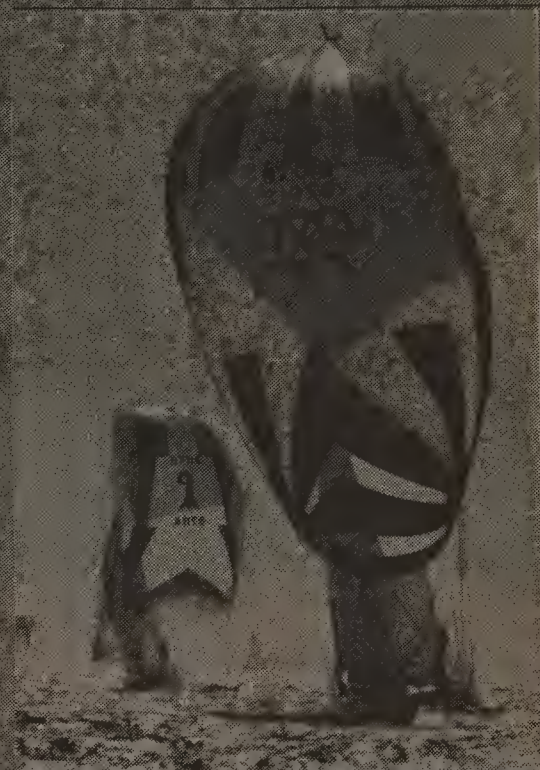
The racing itself took place outside the Long Beach breakwater in light air on Saturday, August 29, and in steady 20-knot winds the following day. Hosted by Long Beach YC and consisting of just three windward/leeward races totalling only 34 miles, it was frankly more of a regional championship than a national event. There wasn't enough wind to get off more races, and apparently distance races aren't even considered. Most of the 17 boats that raced were from the Long Beach area, which is home to about 60 of the 350 or so Catalina 38's in existence. Because LBYC holds the Congressional

Cup in Catalina 38's and because the prototype (the mid-70's S&S designed one-tonner *Lightnin'*, which formerly belonged to Ted Turner) resides locally, Long Beach is the unofficial world headquarters for this fleet.

Alliance crushed the competition with three straight bullets, ostensibly winning their third Catalina 38 Nationals in a row. Gobbell, the 1985 class president and a three-time Congressional Cup skipper, was contemplating "hanging up (his) hiking stick in the class if we pulled off the hat trick." But despite a flawless performance on the race course, Gobbell apparently will be denied the storybook ending.

Even before the regatta began, Heinz Fischer, the past president of the fleet who is

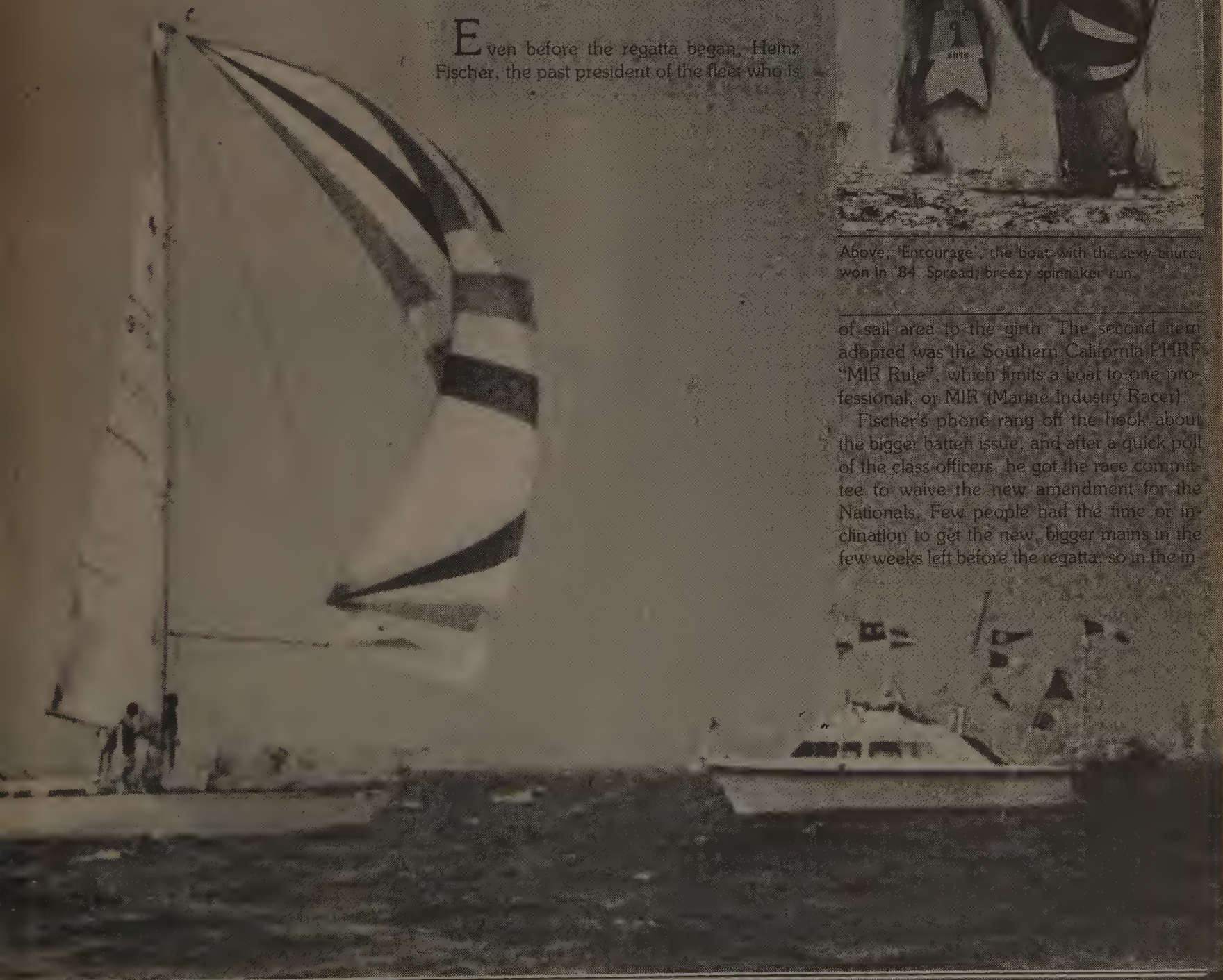
generally acknowledged as its driving force, smelled controversy. Two new class amendments had been voted in less than a month before the Nationals: the first cleared the way for longer battens to increase the longevity of the mainsail, but which also add nine inches



Above, 'Entourage', the boat with the sexy chute, won in '84. Spread, breezy spinnaker run.

of sail area to the girth. The second item adopted was the Southern California PHRF "MIR Rule", which limits a boat to one professional, or MIR (Marine Industry Racer).

Fischer's phone rang off the hook about the bigger batten issue, and after a quick poll of the class officers, he got the race committee to waive the new amendment for the Nationals. Few people had the time or inclination to get the new, bigger mains in the few weeks left before the regatta, so in the in-



1987 CATALINA 38

terest of the "common good" it was decided that everyone should use their old sails. This decision, of course, didn't sit well with the

ALL PHOTOS BY LATITUDE 34 / RICHARDO DEL SUR



Setting up at the weather mark off the Los Angeles Harbor entrance.

folks who had just purchased the new style mainsails. "Basically, we botched the timing of the batten amendment," allows Fischer, "We should have postponed that issue until after the Nationals."

But it was the other amendment — the MIR Rule — which provided the class with an even bigger headache, and, as it turned out, was Gobbell's Waterloo. The MIR Rule, which can trace its roots back to the so-called "Ullman Proposal", allows only one professional (defined as anyone who makes money as a sailmaker, yacht designer, yacht builder, or yacht broker) per boat. Ironically, people like Dennis Connor, Tom Blackaller, John Bertrand, and John Koliou aren't considered "professionals", which seems like a big enough loophole to drive a Santa Cruz 70 through. But as Doug Jones, head of the Southern California PHRF committee, explained, "The intention of the rule isn't to knock ringers off the boats. Rather, it's to stop people from mixing sailing and business for their personal gain."

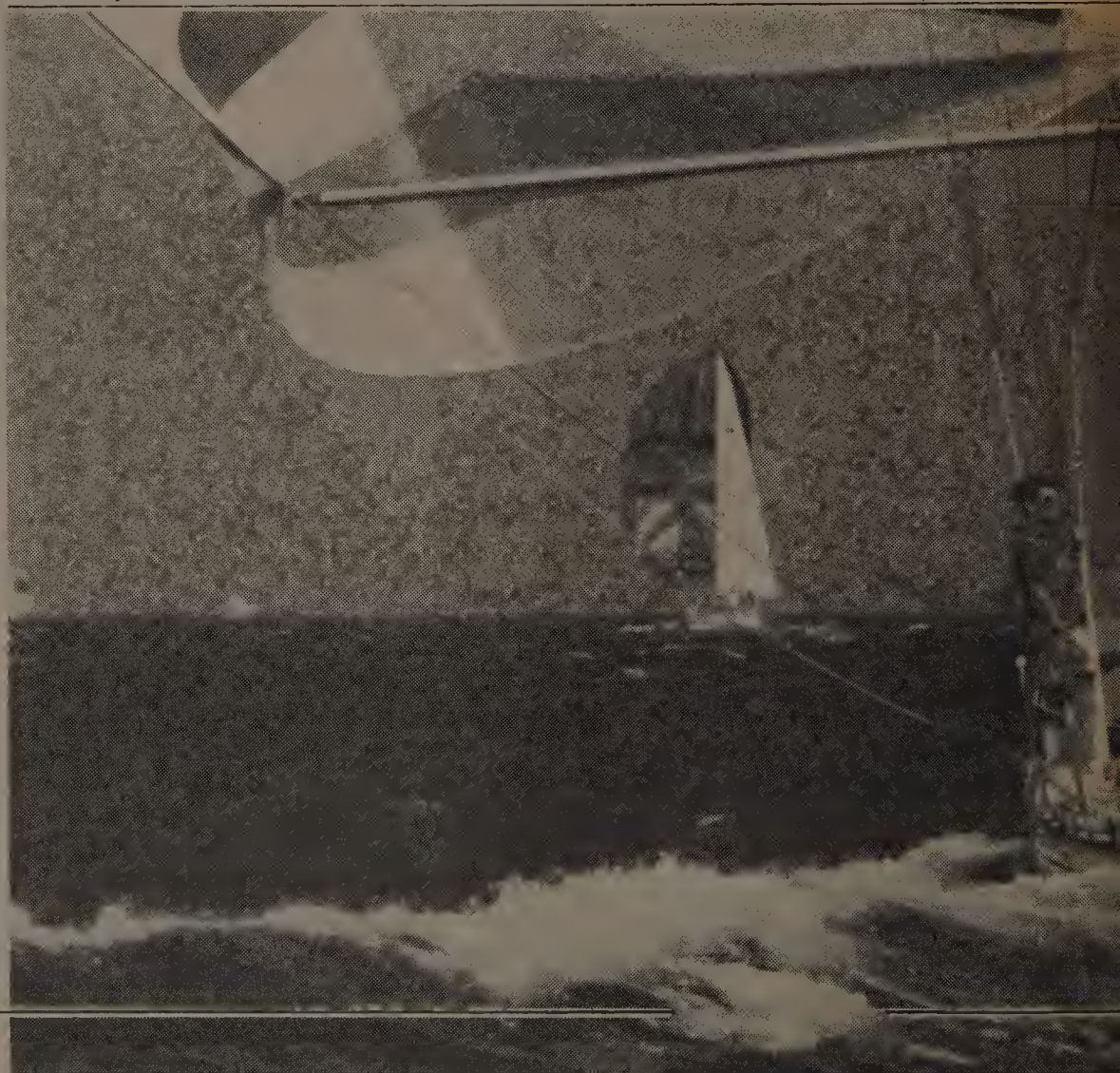
Unlike the U.S. Constitution or the even holier USYRU rules, the MIR Rule treats marginal MIR's as guilty until proven innocent. A racer can petition for a waiver on a case-by-case basis, so the seamstress making bunk cushions at the loft or the secretary at the yacht brokerage can theoretically get around the rule. But according to Jones, only one person has been waived in all of

Southern California. Apparently, no one has taken the MIR Rule very seriously up until now and some harbors, such as Newport, seem to have blown it off entirely.

The person waived by the PHRF board was Gary Davidson, who manages the

Sabot/Snipe facility for ISP West and has been one of Gobbell's crew for the last five years. Gobbell wrote to Jones a month before the regatta to secure the waiver — the reply arrived several days after the Nationals in a letter dated August 31. Davidson was waived because the handicappers deemed that he wasn't trying to sell Gobbell a tiny dinghy, nor was Gobbell deemed to be in the market for one.

A few days before the Nationals, Gobbell's crew, which consisted of seven people plus an alternate, began to fall apart. After making 11 calls to find replacements (Gobbell is getting affidavits from all 11 to support his appeal), he lined up Pete Newbry, a student at U.C. Irvine and part-time employee at ISP in Davidson's facility, to fill in on Saturday only. Gobbell, recognizing that Newbry arguably fell into the same category as Davidson, called Doug Jones two days before the regatta to request a waiver for the 22-year-old dinghy sailor. Jones denied the request, telling Gobbell that the PHRF board only meets once a month and that he was out of luck.



NATIONAL'S IMBROGLIO

differently. Again, Heinz Fischer's phone began ringing off the hook. The current class president, displaying a remarkable sense of

Gobbell fired off a letter to Jones later that day wherein he wrote, "Under strict interpretation of the MIR rule, he (Newbry) could be classified as a professional." Gobbell went on to explain why he felt Newbry's status should be waived — after all, he had learned on the phone that Davidson's waiver had been granted — and requested a retroactive ruling after the regatta. Ironically, the next day, Bruce Gollison, a public relations executive who is easily a better sailor than most MIR's, had a change of plans that would have enabled him to join Gobbell on Saturday after all. Gobbell could have kicked Newbry off for Gollison, but didn't. "Pete made a commitment to me, and therefore I had a commitment to keep him".

Gobbell, probably the best driver in a class that enforces the owner/driver rule (which further dilutes the effect of the MIR rule), put the hammer down in the nine-mile light air race on Saturday, winning by a big margin.

Drafting is more exciting on squirreling Catalina 38's than on most other boats.



"Technically, I had my hand in the cookie jar by taking Pete along", Gobbell claimed, "I knew I was begging the question, but philosophically, I still don't think I violated the spirit of the rule."

Apparently other people in the class felt

Racing in the pack was tight, with lots of individual battles.

timing, was out of town. At the five-minute gun the following day, Fischer, sailing *Basilea*, almost apologetically popped what could prove to be an historic red flag ("I have nothing against Jack personally; it was on behalf of the class") and fully pried the lid off the MIR Pandora's Box. Two other boats followed suit, so at the dock later, Fischer withdrew his protest as it was redundant with the second place boat, Bill Huber's *Cobra*. Huber had more to gain and also apparently knew more about the Newbry issue, so protesting Gobbell became his cross to bear.

As if all of this wasn't enough, the LBYC race committee DSQ'ed the third-place boat — *Slingshot*, with John Shadden aboard — for not having their table onboard and for having a 13-pound anchor instead of a 20 pounder. The fourth place boat, *Fluid Motion*, which had at least one non-MIR Eagle 12 meter veteran aboard, was likewise disqualified for having a light anchor. And so the regatta ended — three of the top four boats were heaved, and almost everyone left with a bad taste in their mouth.

Cobra also protested the race committee for changing the class rules to temporarily bar long battened mainsails. Their protest against *Alliance* sufficiently stumped the race committee so that they deferred the ruling to the PHRF committee (which came up with the MIR Rule), thinking they would know how to handle it. The PHRF group handed it



1987 CATALINA 38 NATIONAL'S IMBROGLIO

right back to the LBYC race committee, explaining that they only make rules, not enforce them. Several weeks after the regatta ended Gobbell was informed that he had gotten the boot. He is currently appealing that decision through the SCYA.

Gobbell, 50, runs a professional search firm. He compares the MIR situation to a sight he vividly recalls from his Navy days: "It was a beautiful five-story hospital that the American government built in the Philippines. But it was empty and the jungle was reclaiming it. We left it for the natives, but they didn't have a clue how to use the equipment or run the hospital, so they gave up on it." The MIR Rule, he contends, is as ludicrous as that hospital without the administrative machinery to enforce it. Gobbell, who has endured the slings and arrows of yachting politics before, seems resolute in his determination to see this one through.

Bill Huber, the owner of *Cobra* and by all accounts a man of high principles, is likewise willing to put the MIR Rule to the test, although he obviously is seeking a different answer to the issue.

Catalina 38 Nationals Results (Pending Protests, Appeals)

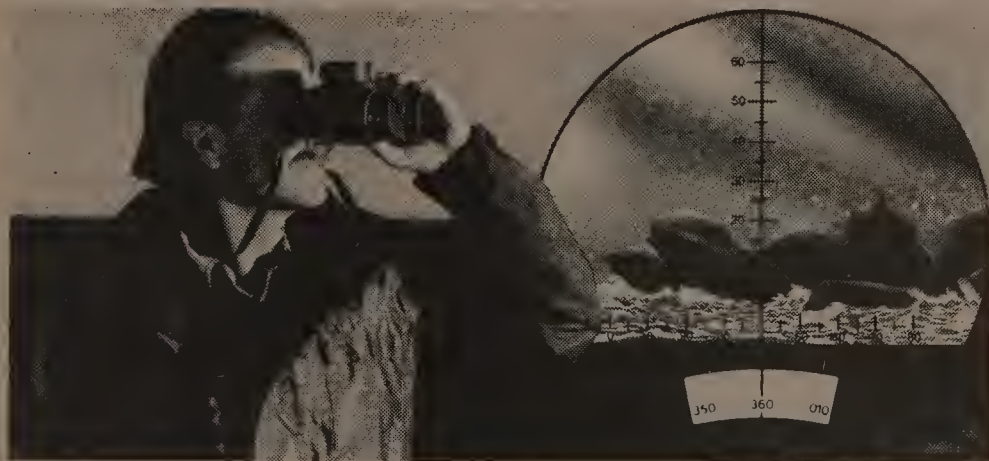
Place	Boat	Skipper	Yacht Club	Race			Total Points
				1	2	3	
1.	<i>Alliance</i>	John Gobbell	LBYC	1	1	1	2 1/4
2.	<i>Cobra</i>	Bill Huber	SYC	4	3	2	9
3.	<i>Basilea</i>	Heinz Fischer	LBYC	6	8	6	20
4.	<i>Lickity Split</i>	Joe Degenhardt	BCYC	2	10	8	20
5.	<i>1st Choice</i>	Ron Matik	SYC	5	6	10	21
6.	<i>Entourage</i>	Lingle/Wilson/Lingle	LBYC	13	4	5	22
7.	<i>38 Calibre</i>	Blanton/Froelich	SBYRC	12	5	12	29
8.	<i>Wisp</i>	Keri Bennett	SLBYC	7	14	9	30
9.	<i>Superstar</i>	Sid Blinder	Windjammers	11	13	7	31
10.	<i>Petard</i>	Steve Frederick	LBYC	10	9	13	32

Suffice it to say that the situation is a lot more complicated than we have time or space to get into. The only conclusions we've come to for certain are these: always check the rules regarding minimum equip-

ment and always demand a W-2 form from crew members you suspect of being in the marine industry.

As for who's "right" or "wrong" in the *Cobra* vs. *Alliance* case, we're still not sure. Like they say on Monday night football, you make the call.

— rob moore



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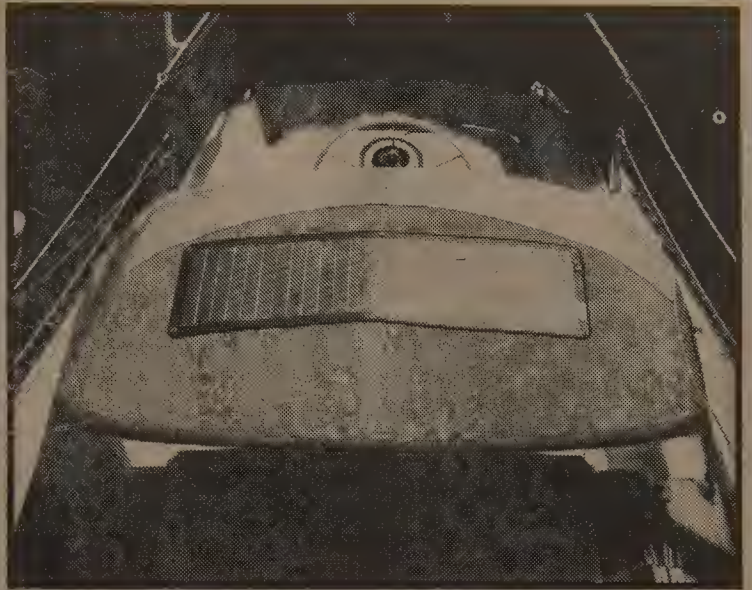
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Dear *Big O* and crew,

This is a letter that I will enjoy writing. Last Labor Day week, Lenny and Cindy, Gus and Taylor and my wife, Linda and I had the opportunity to spend one week aboard the *Big O*. It was a week we all shall remember for a long time. We found the boat to be impeccably kept and the crew to be beyond our wildest dreams. The captain is the most mature, fastidious and obliging 29 year old I have ever met. His wife is a marvelous cook and a wonderful asset to the crew. James was a most polite, helpful and kind individual. It is rare that three people work as well together as this group did, and it was a treat to be in their company. The crew showed incredible discretion in leaving us to do as we pleased, be by ourselves and to just enjoy the pleasure of the week. In the future, we all hope to experience other weeks like this (maybe in a different part of the world), but on the same boat with the same crew. My compliments to you and to your staff for making this the most memorable vacation I've ever had and one I would recommend to anyone.

Sincerely,
Robert S. Weinstein, OD
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CHANGES

With reports this month from **Jerry Metheany** on spares; **Nanok** crossing Florida; **Denouement** in Bora Bora; **Heart of Gold** having a baby in Fiji; **Dennis Williams** shopping guide to Mulege; and, **Cruise Notes**.

The 'Spares Syndrome' Jerry Metheany of Krisarin Back in California (Marina del Rey)

For everyone headed south this fall, the inevitable question is what and how many spare parts should be carried. There are volumes written on all the things you supposedly have to take. I'll take a different tack; based on my and other's experience, I'll try to decrease the number of spares and increase the amount of money left in your cruising kitty.

With Mexico being your destination, be aware that it's nowhere near as isolated as it once was or that some cruising 'novels' would have you believe. I've gone up and down between California and Mexico about eight times, and each time I get in Mexico I find U.S. parts more readily available.

From even the southern parts of Mexico you can usually get an 'in-country' flight to

supply stores in San Diego. Naturally you should ask around and see if any cruisers are already going to the States for parts or have guests about to arrive — it's frequently the case.

The fly home yourself route isn't bad, but there's another cheaper alternative. If you're in Cabo, the bus to Tijuana takes 20 scenic hours, but costs just \$20. Everyone ought to make that trip at least once.

And most cruisers are pretty familiar with the service that Pacific Marine Supply and Downwind Marine seem to be able to provide to La Paz and Cabo. It may require a little patience, but the parts get there. For those in Manzanillo, West Marine employees aboard *Promotion* will get almost everything you need within a week. A little longer on special orders.

So relax, you don't have to carry everything with you. Besides, there's the huge pool of cruisers, many of whom carry extensive spares they're willing to sell or lend.

While Mexico has abundant labor, parts can be hard to find. While some C.A.U. and Perkins parts are available, parts for offshoot engines such as the 4-107 and 4-108 are difficult to locate. However Racor 2010SM fuel filters are available as are Fram's — and at a fraction of stateside prices. I purchased an entire Racor fuel filter system for \$20 from the John Deere outlet in Puerto Vallarta. The filters were about \$2 each.

I would have no hesitation in having Mexican mechanics do a major engine overhaul — provided the following:

- ✓The mechanic was recommended.
- ✓The mechanic had a permanent shop where I could monitor progress. (Some mechanics work out of their trucks and are therefore hard to locate and supervise).
- ✓And most important, you must have the parts manual in hand to make sure they are progressing as the factory recommends.

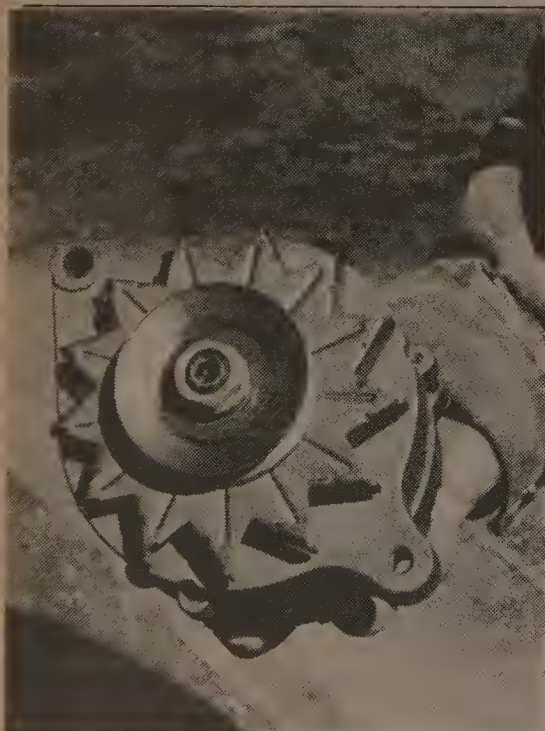
There are some uncommon engines to Mexico I wouldn't have rebuilt, but I'd trust them to rebuild the majority. Diesel Pacifico in Vallarta pulled a Perkins 4-108 from a Yorktown, rebuilt and replaced it for \$400 labor. Naturally this didn't include the parts

or the special machining of the head. Still it was a bargain.

The only drawback is that you must show up daily to inspect the progress being made, inquire what's to be done next, and *when* it's going to be done. Leave them to their own devices and 1,000 jobs will come and go out of the shop before yours is done. It's the principle of the squeaky wheel getting the grease.

Incidentally, the Mexicans respect those who are willing to get down and dirty with them on the job, helping with the pull-out and installation. If you're concerned about the job, they will be, too.

An alternative is to have the Mexicans haul out the item to be rebuilt and take it stateside yourself by train, bus, or plane, each of which is progressively more expensive. The big problem with this is when the stuff comes back, especially if you ship it air freight. There are delays, it's expensive, you



LATITUDE/SARAH

Spare parts; there's no reason to drag ones along when you can buy cheaper in Mexico. But which ones are those?

Tijuana for \$75. For about another \$3 you can take the bus to the border, a trolley to San Diego, and local buses to all the marine



have to payoff Customs — the general b.s. makes it the least palatable method.

What did I notice going wrong most often in the tropics? Typically it was engines overheating due to faulty heat-exchangers. This kept one machine shop in Vallarta smiling all season. These failures seemed to occur most often after the crossing from Cabo to Puerto Vallarta where the water temperature jumps almost 10 degrees overnight. Apparently the strain on an old, *unzinc*ed exchanger does them in. So get yours inspected, tapped and zinced before you leave.

Electrical demands also multiply in warmer waters. More power is required to keep ice boxes cool. What works in California is often insufficient in the tropics. I think most cruisers with refrigerators need to seriously think about adding some two-part foam to their box for greater insulation. Or perhaps better yet, get used to drinking 'cool'

Cruel and unusual bathroom facilities? The San Diego Police dock heads feature a San Quentin motif.

Coronas. That's why locals add limes to their beers anyway.

There are local refrigeration people, for example *Reactsa* in Vallarta and La Paz. They will put in a unit for you, and inexpensively. But it's best if you buy the parts — compressor, restaurant stainless steel insert and cover for the cold plate fabrication, expansion valve, etc — in the States and carry it down. They buy all their parts from the States anyway, so you can usually do better than their "Sorry señor, we are out of parts for three weeks" shrug.

For lack of the hassel, I went without refrigeration; but it was a tough price to pay, not to have cubes for *pina coladas*.

Serious consideration ought to be given to the age of all boats pumps, their rubber, bilge switches, etc. You have to weigh their life ex-

pectancy versus against the aggravation of their failing or having to get them shipped down from the States. I feel that small stuff like impellers, high pressure lines, an extra injector or two, belts, a top end gasket set and plenty of filters are worth stocking up one. Anything more serious is probably going to require a trip north anyway.

I personally also carry a spare water pump (but only because I found a cheap one), a spare 55-amp Delco-type alternator (which can be rebuilt anywhere), a spare lift and fuel pump (because they came with the boat), spare gaskets for all the pumps (fresh water, saltwater, bilge and toilet). The latter spare pump because of a previous trip where I was 'headless' in Vallarta entertaining guests and had to point to the bucket or the side when asked where the head was. Understandably, the party ended earlier than anticipated.

Compass lights failing have been a headache for more than a few cruisers. VHF's not transmitting as powerfully as they should was another problem that had cruisers dipping deep into the kitty or going without. An inexpensive reconditioning at the factory might be a prudent investment for radios over two years old.

I won't go too deeply into the number of novices whose autopilot, SatNav, weatherfax or fathometer broke down and left them shitting unnecessary bricks. Too many cruisers have been dependent on a single method of navigation and fail to even try to get confirmation by some other method.

Technology being what it is and with prices falling, I have to admit that it's almost foolish to foresake some items. A fathometer with an alarm can be very useful. It think it would have saved *Scott Free* and *Wind Child*, both of which experienced unfortunate beachings.

While in Manzanillo I spoke to the folks on *Wind Child* about superfluous equipment. They said they actually didn't have many things they didn't use. Two of the things they really like were their Yanmar engine (flawless) and their Bruce anchor. Yet the later unfortunate experience of these seasoned sailors and all-around great people taught me something; even the best anchor can drag. I saw further evidence of this at the north end of Cedros, where a mile offshore I saw the gorgeous *Pacific High* floating around with her anchor light on. After circling their boat three times, I discovered they were all asleep down below, unaware they'd drifted out to sea.

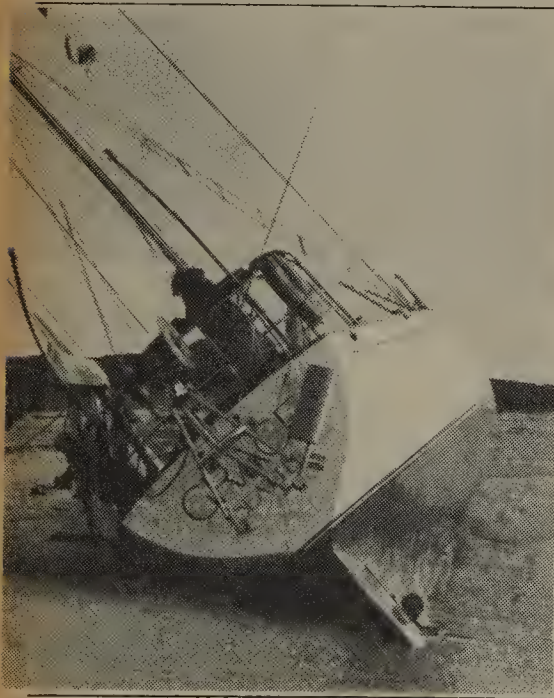
CHANGES

I'm not criticizing any of these sailors or suggesting I'm flawless in my anchoring. I'm saying that an anchor alarm might save some sleep and some boats.

I've been saddened by the loss of *Scott Free* and the severe damage to *Wind Child* — and the other lost or damaged boats this season. If you're sharing an anchorage with boats in questionable conditions, I suggest that all radios be left on to one channel and that anchor watches be traded between everyone in the fleet. That way boats dragging can be alerted but only a fraction of the people have to stay awake to watch for it. Of course, everyone has to be able to trust the others.

We all have to remember, however, that the ultimate decision to cut and run belongs with each skipper. Nobody should fall victim to the rationalization that everything must be alright because everybody else is staying. A few hours — or even days — of standing offshore in lousy conditions will pass, but the agony of losing your boat leaves a bad taste that will never depart. Prudence and caution, while passage-making or at anchor, are always the best approach.

For those of you who have experienced groundings, beachings or breakdowns, I offer the words of Nietzsche as consolation:



The Peterson 44 splash 'Grace' wasn't killed by this beaching, but was it made stronger? Nietzsche, you're nuts!

tion: "Anything that does not kill me makes me stronger."

— jerry 8/3/87

Having A Baby in Fiji Heart of Gold — 28-ft Cutter Jessie & Gary (Gold Hill, Oregon)

We arrived at Levuka, Fiji about a month ago from Tonga. Because of the recent coup, Customs gave our boat a thorough search for arms. They were quick, efficient and endeavored to put things back where they found them. In Levuka itself, you'd never know there had been a coup; it's an extremely friendly town.

We'd sailed to Suva via the inland passage of Mbau waters. It was well-marked and offered good shelter from the 'reinforced trades' that were blowing at the time. Twice while at anchor we were asked for papers by the police and military, but there was no hassle.

We're anchored off the Royal Suva YC, awaiting the imminent birth of our first child. The medical treatment to date has been good — and free!

We pay 15 francs a week to anchor off the Royal Suva YC. This is still reasonable when you consider that the Tradewinds Hotel charges 40 francs a week to liveaboard on a Med-tie — even though the hotel is closed for renovations until the end of the year, which means there is no bar and restaurant.

At the Royal Suva there are good, inexpensive meals and drinks, hot showers and a laundry room. There are perhaps 20 yachts here at present, so we've donated our '87 *Latitudes* to the club's library.

Since the devaluation, the cost of living here is low for cruisers. The duty-free stores, however, have already marked up prices despite the fact new stock has been brought in since the coup. We haven't noticed any shortages.

Many yachts had stayed in Tonga, uncertain of the situation here in Fiji. But when authorities in Tonga imposed restrictions on which could be visited, some of the charm was taken away. Fiji is definitely a better deal at present, especially since the wave of yacht gear thefts of two years ago seems to have disappeared. We plan to stay until November.

— jessie & gary 8/12/87

Jessie & (?) — We know we got Jessie's name right, we hope the other one of you is Gary; the writing of the name was the only word in your letter we couldn't be sure of.

Readers — The day we typeset Heart of Gold's report, the wire services carried a



story indicating that the Fijian police had arrested 13 people after gangs looted and torched stores in central Suva on September 14. Firebombs had been used to burn businesses owned by ethnic Indians. In the coup earlier this year, the recently elected ethnic Indian president of Fiji was ousted by ethnic Fijian military leaders.

New Crew Rules in Polynesia Denouement — N/A Sandi and Dale Parshall Bora Bora

Early in 1986 the French changed the procedures for crew changes in French Polynesia. This summer the *gendarmes* have begun to enforce some of those rules more rigorously — and it caught us by surprise.

A good friend of ours flew from the States to Tahiti, where he stayed for two days. Then he flew on to Bora Bora where he joined us on our boat, *Denouement*. The main purpose of his trip was to make the passage from Bora Bora to Tonga with us.

But when he arrived in Bora Bora, the *gendarmes* would not add him to our crew list without the approval of Immigration. We pointed out that he had clearly stated on his visa application that he would be leaving the country on our sailboat, and that his visa had been accepted on that basis.

But the *gendarmes* were resolute. They wanted Immigration to put an exit stamp on



A long-time Sanispac favorite; Ana's bakery.

his passport. Since there was no Immigration official on Bora Bora, they suggested he fly back to Tahiti to get the required exit stamp. They would accept a phone call from Immigration in Tahiti, but they felt going back to Tahiti would be better.

We left the *gendarmerie* thinking that we had done everything right, and were frustrated by the impasse. Our boat was on a mooring at the Hotel Oa Oa, and we walked back to the hotel discussing our very limited options.

The hotel owners, Greg and Elaine Claytor, offered to help. The next morning, Elaine called Immigration in Tahiti. She explained the situation and asked them to call the *gendarmes* on Bora Bora authorizing them to stamp the passport for exit. And before the morning was over, the *gendarmes* had added our friend to our crew list and given us clearance papers.

In retrospect we understood that we had done one thing wrong. When our friend arrived in Tahiti, he did not announce to Immigration in the airport his intention to leave the country on a sailboat. Had he done so, we are told that his passport would have been stamped with both an entrance stamp and an exit stamp. Later, when the *gendarmes* on Bora Bora saw the exit stamp, they would have allowed the crew change.

We were also told that he had incorrectly filled out the Embarcation and Disembarca-

tion Card given to him on the airplane and collected by Immigration. Instead of writing in the name of the hotel where he stayed for two nights in Tahiti, he should have crossed out the word hotel and written in *Yacht Denouement*. This was to alert Immigration while entering that he would exit on a sailboat.

We don't know if this will happen to anyone in the future. But if you are flying into French Polynesia, and sailing out, we would recommend:

- ✓ State clearly on your visa application that you will be leaving French Polynesia on a sailboat.

- ✓ Scratch out "hotel" on the Embarcation and Disembarcation Card and write in "Yacht ----- in transit to -----".

- ✓ When you first enter French Polynesia and get an entrance stamp in your passport, tell them you are leaving on a sailboat and try to get an exit stamp at the same time.

- ✓ Have the captain of the sailboat keep his paperwork up to date with the *gendarmes*.

- ✓ It might also be advisable for the captain to declare the expected crew change to the *gendarmes* and Immigration in Papeete. This may not be necessary, but it probably won't hurt.

- ✓ Stop by the Hotel Oa Oa on Bora Bora.

Most people don't need help, it's just a nice place to stop.

— sandi and dale 6/21/87

Shopping Guide to Mulege

Las Dos

Dennis Williams

(Redondo Beach)

If prizes were awarded for the toughest provisioning town in Baja, Mulege would surely win the dubious Black Jerry Jug Award. Without a car, cruisers face no taxis and few buses from Conception Bay, one of the mellowest sailing and diving spots in Mexico.

Resupplying isn't impossible, of course, but bits of local knowledge must be fitted carefully together like a puzzle. Beginning at the Santispac anchorage, 10½ miles south of Mulege, there are two choices: *Senor Fermin* and *Restaurante Ana*.

Sr. Fermin arrives daily in a yellow-and-brown Ford van carrying block ice, produce, soft drinks, a little of this and a little of that. He speaks English and will take special orders, but won't carry fuel.

Water is available at *Restaurante Ana* (and bakery). Since it's trucked in, water's a little expensive: 75 cents for 10 gallons, *mas o menos* — more or less. *Senora Ana* also sells produce, beer and some canned goods out of a small store. The *panaderia* bakes bread and tasty cinnamon rolls.

Rides to town must be cadged from campers or a cruiser lucky enough to have a car. No taxis hang out in Santispac. In a pinch it might be possible to flag down a passing bus. Of course, there's always the old standby, hitchhiking. A taxi ride back to Santispac costs about \$6. All taxi fares are standardized and usually quoted from a print sheet. Ask to see the *Tarifa de Taxis*.

For those who like adventure in trips to town, anchor in the open roadstead near the Mulege River mouth, usually calm in the morning. Either dinghy five miles up the river or grab a cab to town at Hotel Serenidad. Check the weather carefully and leave before 12 noon. The prevailing 15-20 knot easterlies make this anchorage a lee shore. Take shelter at Punta San Domingo, 5½ miles across the mouth of Conception Bay. One couple anchored at San Domingo and roared across Conception and up the Mulege river in their 25 hp inflatable. A good plan — until the wind and swells beat them up on the return trip. "Groceries, ice, fuel,

CHANGES



Belushi.

Jeff Norton wants all South Pacific cruisers to know they've got a friend when they pull into Suva, Fiji. He says Pacific Marine Yacht Consultants, located across the street from brewery and just 500 meters from the Royal Suva YC, has compiled a directory of businesses which offer the best services to yachties in the following categories: sailmaking, rigging, electrical, mechanical, wood-working, fiberglass, provisioning, charts, fueling, etc. The information is said to be "genuine" and "free". Furthermore, 'Yacht Help' will hold and forward mail, compile lists of things to buy and sell, and list crews and boats that might be looking for each other. They also have phone, telex and fax numbers available. Can anybody out there give a report on these folks?

While most folks seem to think that the French authorities are relatively reasonable, it's not the case with everyone. But what can you do? If you want to visit French Polynesia you have to cooperate, right? Well, yes and no. The word we get is that some cruisers simply don't check in and hope they can evade detection by keeping a low profile. It's a risky thing to do, not only for the yachties doing it but for all cruisers in French Polynesia.

We had an interesting conversation in our offices with Peter Clutterbuck, who in the last ten months sailed 14,000 miles delivering the Swan 65, **Beija Flor** (ex-Cygnus), from San Francisco to England and then the Med. We'll have more on his trip in a future issue, but thought you might be interested what he thought were the five best places they visited:

1. Cocos Island off Costa Rica. "Undiscovered, a must for any cruiser bound for the South Pacific".

2. The Panama Canal. "It's magnificent!" Clutterbuck did advise that it's essential you read about the history of the Canal to fully appreciate it.

3. The Azores. "A wonderful combination of the volcanic geology of Hawaii but with European culture." The people were said to be extremely friendly, never asking to be paid for goods and services until boats were ready to leave.

4. England's Channel Islands, where *Beija Flor* participated in Swan European Championships. The tides in the region have a range of 40 feet, so navigation takes on a whole new perspective.

5. Bonifacio, Corsica. This ancient fortress

everything including us was mashed up in the dinghy," she laughed. Obviously, there is precious little time to mess around in town.

Shallow displacement boats able to navigate the tricky Mulege river entrance can anchor in about six feet of water in the lee of Pta. Sombrerito. However, it's a marginal anchorage and busy with lots of panga traffic. Dix Brow's book, *Sea of Cortez Guide*, gives the best directions for entering. Don't attempt this without a tide book.

One benefit of the river mouth anchorage is you'll be able to take a pleasant dinghy trip up the quiet Mulege River. Lush tropical growth bursts from the surrounding desert. The river hosts a large variety of bird life. However, when the water level is low, the trip is more like a scene from "African Queen" with Bogey walking the dink over shoals. No leeches, though.

Mulege is an interesting little village of friendly people. There are nine small groceries and two well-stocked hardware stores. The village boasts the last coin-operated laundromat on Baja's east coast until San Felipe. La Purisima (#13) makes some of the best tasting ice cream in Baja. Gringos finding themselves in trouble with the locals should ask for help at the American Consulate Agency (#23), a small

Dennis William's shopping guide to Mulege. For your files.

outpost of the good old U.S. of A. in remote Baja California. The consulate is closed during the hot summer months.

— dennis williams

Cruise Notes:

Although right next door to Greece, just south of Yugoslavia and 50 miles east of Italy's boot, Albania is not a favorite cruising ground with Americans. Not only is it a long ways away, but Albanians probably have as long a festering hostility toward the United States as any country. What did we ever do to them?

In any event, diplomatic sources in the region were stunned earlier this year when an American yacht and its crew unintentionally entered Albanian waters during a storm and were rescued and then given shelter. An Albanian spokesman told wire services, "We couldn't let them drown. Everybody would have done the same thing." Others were not so sure. A European countered by saying, "It is exceptional when Albanians do the usual thing", easily the funniest item to come out of Albania since John

city is reached by sailing through a 100 yard wide gap in the tall sandstone cliffs, and then making a 90° turn to another narrow gap in the sandstone cliffs. This is where the French Foreign Legion was founded; its members are still trained there. Even today, the French Foreign Legion will accept anyone, no questions asked. If you're a criminal on the lam, they'll give you a new identity. However, it requires a ten-year commitment; if you quit, they'll hunt you down and return you to the service. Currently there are 8,000 members of the FFL; most are serving in such exotic locales as France, its departments and Djibouti.

While not one of Clutterbuck's particular favorites, Puerto Cervo, the Aga Khan's digs where the Sardinia Cup is held, was nonetheless noteworthy for its prices. A slip for the 65-ft *Beija Flor* was \$280 U.S. a night, no electricity included. Folks, that's over \$8500 a month!

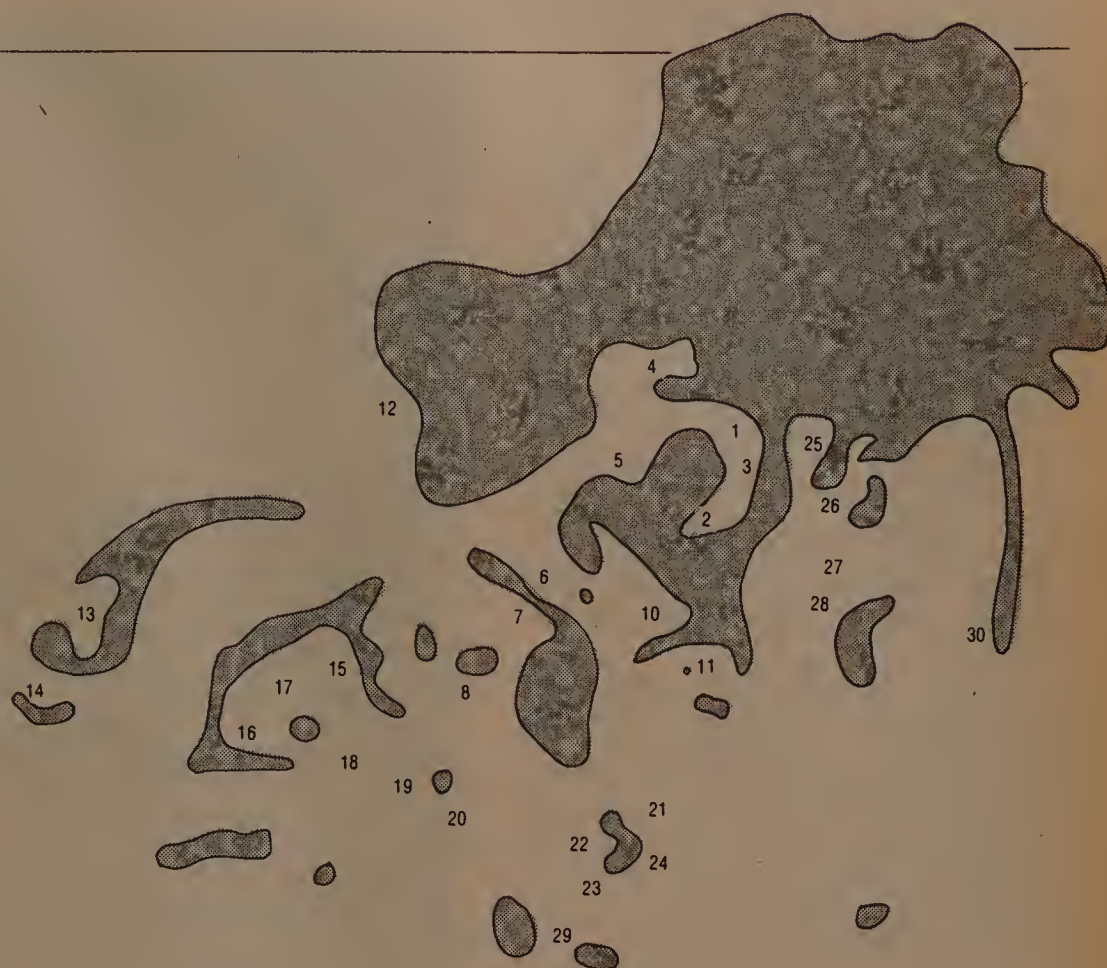
How can people afford it? Well, they charter boats for fantastic sums of money. Clutterbuck says that Swan 65's — because they are relatively small for their size — usually take just four guests. When all is said and done, the tab for the week comes to about \$10,000. Lest you think there isn't much market for that trade, Clutterbuck says business was booming. Because of the variety of jurisdictions in the Med., most of the trade is illegal, but nobody does anything about it.

Another guy who seems to be having more fun than should be legal is Marvin Rosenberg of Marina del Rey. Marvin has cruised with his wife, Leah, aboard their well-equipped Morgan 60, *Palio*, from California, through the Panama Canal, through most of the Caribbean and up to Florida. From a notation in his recent log that he "sold out and retired at the ripe old age of 51" back in 1971, we've deduced that he must be about 67. But judging from his letters, he's living life as though he were 17.

No matter where Marvin goes, he does everything, and with unbridled enthusiasm. Some examples:

✓ "While in the Turks and Caicos I went bone fishing with a guide. All I had to do was cast my lure in the water and I was hooked up. Wowie, what a mind-boggling experience — better than a chocolate sundae in the middle of the Sahara."

✓ "We anchored right in front of the beautiful lounge and bar at Rum Cay. The place is owned by an American — who con-



Tonga is perhaps the most popular cruising ground in the Pacific. The dozens of close together anchorages are one reason.

fided in me that he didn't make any money, it was just his hobby. His hobby had already cost him several million dollars so far; I want to thank him for his efforts!"

✓ "To our dismay, Clarendetown was not a Port of Entry. However, after the presentation of one of my official key rings from the Los Angeles Olympics, the local official offered to drive us around the island and take us to the best restaurant. We spent quite a bit of time with him, but he soon had to leave as he was carrying all the local payroll checks in his pockets and each time we passed his office a growing crowd of people gave us dirty looks."

✓ "While ashore I met a Bahamian fishing skipper who agreed to accompany Leah and me through the Exumas to Nassau and at the same time do a little fishing, diving and conch collecting. It was a pleasure meeting his wife who agreed to come along. They wanted to do some shopping in Nassau, so I agreed to pay their airfare home plus expenses. So we all shook hands and had a drink at the Peace and Plenty Hotel to seal the agreement. Karen doesn't drink liquor, but Wendall made up for her abstinence."

✓ "We went ashore to have dinner at the Staniel Cay YC (any place that has a bar and a restaurant in the Caribbean is a 'yacht club'). Having to wait half an hour for a table, we put our two quarters on the pool table and waited our turn. Wendall took on the local shark and beat him. My turn was next and I could see the smirk on his face as he prepared to wipe out the 'old man'. Funny thing happened, though, he lost three games to me. Not that I'm so good, but the All American Champ of Guthrie Drive sanded off the tips of his fingers and remembered the lessons he learned from the movie *The Color of Money*. Ho hum, life can be sweet. Don't think Leah wasn't proud of me; she even gave me one of her secret smiles."

✓ "Have any of you heard of the old expression, 'Are we having any fun yet?' Well, we had a ball on Nassau. One of the world's most beautiful casinos is on Paradise Island. I was the big winner at roulette and black jack. And not for one night, but five! Wowie, is it great to be lucky! Or maybe it was my great skill and daring."

✓ "By 0900 we were safely in our slip at the Spencer Marina and Boatworks. We showered, dressed, rented a car, and had a scrumptious brunch — bloody marys and all.

CHANGES

Back in the good old hew ess hay. What a great feeling to be back in your own country. There is nothing so great as our country."

✓ "While renting the car, my little Leah came up with a great idea; why don't we buy a station wagon here in Florida, put all the gear not needed for the Intracoastal Waterway, and drive home across the country. What a brilliant idea. She pointed out I needed a new car anyway, so let's do it!"

✓ "I got so choked up by the inspiration talk at the Alamo that I bought Texas flags and t-shirt for all of my male serpes."

Even mechanical breakdowns were nothing but more opportunities for Marvin to have fun:

"A few hours after we got started on the boat again, the tach stopped working and the alternator stopped charging and the battery went *POOF!* We stopped that night at the Outrigger Inn, owned and operated by the famous World War II singer, Frances Langford. As soon as we docked, 'Little Joe' the dockmaster called a mechanic. As we waited, we put on our bathing suits and got into the pool. It was delightful and refreshing. We were served mai tai's while in the water and we all remained in the pool to have a second drink and stay out of the heat. I checked back with the mechanic who said he could have the alternator rebuilt by morning. So we showered, had another cocktail, and went to the Outrigger Inn, which is modeled after Trader Vic's in Beverly Hills, and had a delicious dinner. Cary and I played tennis the next morning. The mechanic came by at 1100 and after \$386 we were back on our way."

✓ "Our next stop was the Riomar YC. I had finally found a place to equal the Del Rey YC — except this place did it in *spades!* This is a private club, of course, built by a multibillionaire. It has an 18-hole golf course and 16 well-groomed clay tennis courts right next to the clubhouse. The Olympic-sized pool looked brand new and there was a jacuzzi attached. While the dining room is closed in July and August, it's open seven nights a week the rest of the year. We received the white glove service, as the dockmaster even loaned us his car."

✓ "At Titusville we rented a car and spent the next day at the Kennedy Space Center and a visit to the Cape Canaveral Air Force Base. It was sensational, I could write nine pages on it alone. I almost forgot, while waiting for our new station wagon to be readied, we rented a car to go to Epcot



Another "young blonde" demonstrates the world's simplest, most economical water-maker.

Center. It was one of the most interesting and informative experiences of my life."

✓ "During our wait in Daytona Beach, we

rented a car and went to the Saturday night stock car races. The races were about the most exciting thing I've seen in a long time. It was particularly fabulous because it had just rained very hard and the track was muddy, causing numerous delays and smash-ups."



them. Anyway, the other boat had a Canadian and his girlfriend on it. Naturally, she was a young blonde."

Speaking of young blondes (as we do, sometimes), the woman in the photo spread at left is demonstrating the world's least expensive **water-maker**. It's not a reverse-osmosis or desalination water-maker, but a "creation-through-conservation" water-maker. Just as a penny saved is a penny earned, a gallon saved is as good as a gallon made.

So how does it operate? Simply. One of your crew says they want a shower. They're allotted a half-gallon — or a full gallon if you're a wastrel — as easily measured in the Craftsman "water-maker". It may sound stingy, but it actually works very well. Once the water is in the container, you pressurize it by operating the hand-pump. After just 30 seconds of pumping, it's ready to shoot out a fine mist or a steady stream, depending on the nozzle adjustment. If pumped up even slightly, you can fire the stream a good 30 feet. You can take a very satisfying shower using this economical "water-maker" with just one gallon of *agua*.

The "water-makers" are sold under a variety of names and in different sizes. The 1.3 gallon model shown here is just \$16.99. A 3-gallon model is just \$21.99.

Besides being a cheap and effective water-maker, this product, like the Veg-O-Matic, has a variety of uses. For example, it can be a love-saver in the tropics where humid sex isn't the most popular activity in the world. Lads and ladies carrying the Sears water-maker by their optional shoulder strap are armed with one terrific aphrodisiac. There's no form of foreplay in the tropics that will get a partner hotter than being cooled off with a fine spray from Craftsman water-maker. In fact, there's a warning right on the box, "Sears is not responsible for the consequences if this product is used for foreplay in the tropics."

And with the proper spermicide added to the container, it can promote safe sex — no condom required. Paint it black and leave it in the sun on deck for awhile and it may soak up a little heat for a slightly warmer spray.

There are probably lots of other uses for this handy sprayer. Next time you're in Sears, take a look around in the garden department. There may be some other handy products we can adapt to the sailing life.

LATITUDE/SARAH

Well, you get the picture, Marvin seems be mainlining on the good life. In fact, it's only some women who seem to leave him disappointed:

"The skipper of the boat was a very personable Portuguese man with his girlfriend

— naturally a young blonde of about 20 with a great body. Don't let me digress too long on the subject of young blondes as mates and girlfriends on all kinds of boats throughout the Caribbean. They are mind-boggling and there seems to be thousands of

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SACRIFICE to escape bankruptcy. 1982 Merrill f/g sloop, 30-ft, 11'5" beam, shoal draft, diesel 1984 (fw) wheel, 6'3" headroom, oven 2-burners, ice box, 4 bunks. All teak interior, log, depthfinder, VHF, 3 bilge pumps, roller furling, head, shower, roomy, much storage, autopilot, Avon with Suzuki engine, Honda generator, 4 anchors, extra props, spare parts, tools inc. tap and die sets. Food, items too numerous to list. Moored Mexico. Call (619) 223-2111. Ask for Kevin.

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36-FT UNION CUTTER, 1986. Isomat spars, US rigging, Niel Pryde sails, Nilsson electric windlass, Perkins diesel, Digital knotmeter & depthfinder. Icom VHF, Flash waterheater, full covers, dodger, 4 batteries, marble table & tops, fridge, shower stall. (213) 857-8623.

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KETTENBURG 43, 1965. Beautiful classic racer/cruiser with room for liveaboard. 12 sails (very good cond.), autopilot, Loran, sleeps 6, h&c pressure water, central heating system, full boat cover & much more. Jane (805) 642-7229 or (818) 345-7802.

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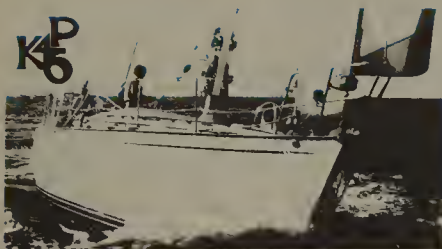


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Grand Banks 36, join us in welcoming the new 36 to San Diego! Comfort with great elegance and reasonably priced. Available for viewing at our new office at the Sunroad Marina in October.

...Old World quality at prices you can afford. All models, from 29'-49', incorporate only the finest materials and are engineered with an emphasis on spaciousness.



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This 36' WILLARO is a popular boat. She's a 1963 trawler, ideal for cruising. \$49,000.



STEPHENS 36', 1954 — this vessel has been extremely well maintained and probably the best end most original of all of the 36' Stephens Yachts. \$49,500.



WESTSAIL 32', 1975 — vessel is fully capable and set up for extensive offshore work. \$65,000.



ERICSON 35', 1977 — single gas sloop. Owner has priced to sell. \$35,500.



36' GRAND BANKS, 1968 — Hull condition reflects American marine quality. Varnished and refinished inside and out, for the summer. \$59,500. (Sistership).



ALASKAN 49', 1973 — Excellent condition and maintenance reflects one owner since new. \$175,000.



HALLBERG RASSY 42', 1983 — this vessel is finished with first-class workmanship throughout. Selected teak is used on deck and clear African mahogany is used below decks. \$198,000.



42' CUSTOM 1977 — this immaculately maintained yacht has done extensive cruising in Mexico. She's a beauty! \$82,500.



GRAND BANKS 50', 1974 — recent tasteful re-decoration, she has plenty of equipment and is in good condition. \$195,000.



50' MILLKRAFT 1971. Aft cabin with more storage than a home, full wet in shower, watermaker, autopilot, ADF, radar and much more. \$175,000.



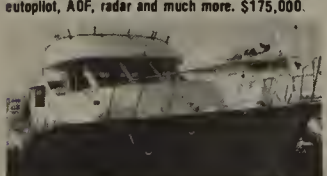
44' LANCER MOTORSAILER — Super power-seller. Ready to go! \$145,000.



PETERSON 44', 1978 — one of the sharpest P-44's to be found. Roller furling on all sails. Beautiful varnish. \$118,000.



HATTERAS 53', 1978 — she is a rare combination of comfortable cruising and sport fishing at its finest.



1979 54' SPORTFISHER. Built by Westport and powered by a GMC 8V-71. Very well equipped and ready for the fishing season. Asking \$225,000.



VALIANT 47', 1982 — Boat has Expar thermostatically controlled forced air heating. She is spacious and set up for a liveaboard. Price reduced to \$250,000.



48' CHEOY LEE — Long range cruiser ready. Very livable interior arrangement. Full navigation equipment and working chart table. Separate aft cabin. Price reduced to \$139,500.

POWER

28' 1985 BAYLINER	\$39,900	43' 1978 HATTERAS	225,000
28' 1984 CENTURY	39,500	43' 1978 HATTERAS	230,000
30' 1964 TROJAN	10,000	44' 1978 PACIFICA	235,000
32' 1967 GRAND BANKS	46,200	44' 1966 GARDEN	89,000
32' 1973 LUHR	35,000	45' 1977 CHRIS CRAFT	198,000
34' 1967 PACEMAKER	26,900	46' 1981 BERTRAM	385,000
36' 1967 CHRIS CRAFT	20,000	46' 1981 CALIFORNIAN	225,000
36' 1968 GRAND BANKS	59,500	49' 1984 GRAND BANKS	360,000
39' 1980 PLEASURE	85,000	49' 1982 DEFEVER	195,000
41' 1974 DEFEVER	95,000	57' 1964 CHRIS CRAFT	189,500
41' 1972 ROUGHWATER	58,000	57' 1968 CHRIS CRAFT	169,000
42' 1969 GRAND BANKS	79,900	63' 1944 AVR	85,000
42' 1979 UNIFLITE	150,000	75' 1986 YACHT TECH	895,000

SAIL

24' 1980 SAN JUAN	\$22,000	37' 1973 RANGER	72,500
25' 1974 HUNTER	9,950	40' 1970 MARINER	49,500
26' 1982 LAGUNA	24,000	41' 1977 CF	89,000
27' 1978 CATALINA	18,500	42' 1970 CHEOY LEE	90,000
28' 1958 HALLBERG	12,000	44' 1975 PETERSON	69,500
29' 1969 CASCADE	30,000	44' 1979 CHEOY LEE	125,000
30' 1979 PETERSON	29,500	45' 1978 EXPLORER	82,000
32' 1974 CORDADO	27,900	46' 1972 PEARSON	98,000
32' 1977 O'DAY	25,000	47' 1980 PERRY	149,500
33' 1956 BRAUN	32,000	49' 1938 TROHOLM	12,000
34' 1981 PETERSON	67,000	51' 1977 FLYING DUTCHMAN	149,500
35' 1984 ERICSON	76,000	54' 1981 PEARSON	300,000
36' 1978 ISLANDER	56,000	57' 1981 SWAN	395,000

PICTURES MAY BE SISTERSHIPS

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